CLEOMENES,

THE

Spartan Heroe.

A TRAGEDY,

As it is ACTED at the

Theatre Royal.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

To which is prefixt

The LIFE of *Cleomenes.*

His Armis, illâ quoque tutus in aulâ. Juv. Sat. IV.

LONDON,
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Where Compleat SETS of Mr. *Dryden's* Works, in Four Volumes, are to be Sold. The PLAYS being put in the order they were Written.

THE

To the Right Honourable
The Earl of *ROCHESTER*,

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

'TIS enough for your Lordship to be conscious to your self of having perform'd a just and honourable Action, in Redeeming this Play from the Persecution of my Enemies; but it wou'd be ingratitude in me, not to publish it to the World. That it has appear'd on the Stage is principally owing to you: That it has succeeded, is the Approbation of your Judgment, by that of the Publick. 'Tis just the Inversion of an Act of Parliament: Your Lordship first sign'd it, and then it was pass'd amongst the Lords and Commons. The Children of old Men are generally observ'd to be short liv'd, and of a weakly Constitution: How this may prove I know not; but hitherto it has promis'd well: And if it survive to Posterity, it will carry the Noble Name of its Patron along with it; or, rather, it will be carried by yours to after Ages. *Arioſto*, in his *Voyage of* Aſtolpho *to the Moon*, has given us a fine Allegory of two Swans; who, when Time had thrown the Writings of many Poets into the River of Oblivion, were ever in a readiness to secure the best, and bear them aloft, into the Temple of Immortality. Whether this Poem be of that Number, is left to the Judgment of the Swan who has preserv'd it: And though I can claim little from his Justice, I may presume to value my self upon his Charity. It will be told me, That I have mistaken the *Italian* Poet, who

means only that some excellent Writers, almost as few in Number as the Swans, have rescued the Memory of their Patrons, from Forgetfulness and Time; when a vast Multitude of Crows and Vultures, that is, bad Scribblers, Parasites, and Flatterers, oppress'd by the weight of the Names which they endeavour'd to redeem, were forc'd to let them fall again into *Lethe*, where they were lost for ever. If it be thus, my Lord, the Table wou'd be turn'd upon me: But I shou'd only fail in my vain Attempt: For either some other Immortal Swan, will be more capable of sustaining such a weight, or you who have so long been Conversant in the management of great Affairs, are able with your own Pen, to do Justice to your self; and, at the same time, to give the Nation a clearer and more faithful insight into those Transactions, wherein you have Worthily sustain'd so great a part. For to your Experience in State-Affairs, you have also joyn'd no vulgar Erudition: Which all your Modesty is not able to conceal; for to understand critically the delicacies of *Horace*, is a height to which few of our Noble Men have arriv'd: And that this is your deserv'd Commendation, I am a living Evidence; as far, at least, as I can be allow'd a Competent Judge on that subject. Your Affection to that admirable Ode, which *Horace* writes to his *Mecænas*, and which I had the Honour to inscribe to you, is not the only Proof of this Assertion. You may please to remember, that in the late happy Conversation, which I had with your Lordship at a Noble Relations of yours, you took me aside, and pleas'd your Self with repeating to me, one of the most Beautiful Pieces in that Author. It was the Ode to *Barine*, wherein you were so particularly affected with that Elegant Expres-

sion,

ſion, *Juvenumque prodit publica cura.* There is indeed the Vertue of a whole Poem, in thoſe words; that *curioſa felicitas*, which *Petronius* ſo juſtly aſcribes to our Author. The Barbarity of our Language is not able to reach it: Yet, when I have leiſure, I mean to try, how near I can raiſe my *Engliſh* to his *Latin*: Though in the mean time, I cannot but imagine to my ſelf, with what Scorn his Sacred *Manes* wou'd look on ſo lame a Tranſlation as I cou'd make. His *Recalcitrat undique tutus* might more reaſonably be apply'd to me, than he himſelf apply'd it to *Auguſtus Ceſar*. I ought to reckon that Day, as very Fortunate to me, and diſtinguiſh it, as the Ancients did, with a whiter Stone; becauſe it furniſh'd me with an Occaſion of reading my *Cleomenes* to a Beautiful Aſſembly of Ladies, where your Lordſhip's Three Fair Daughters, were pleas'd to Grace it with their Preſence: And, if I may have leave to ſingle out any one in particular, there was your admirable Daughter-in-law; ſhining, not like a Star, but a Conſtellation of her Self; a more true and brighter *Berenice*. Then it was, that, whether out of your own Partiality, and Indulgence to my Writings, or out of Complaiſance to the Fair Company, (who gave the firſt good Omen to my Succeſs, by their Approbation,) your Lordſhip was pleas'd to add your own: And afterwards to Repreſent it to the Queen, as wholly Innocent of thoſe Crimes, which were laid unjuſtly to its Charge. Neither am I to forget my Charming Patroneſs; though ſhe will not allow my Publick Addreſs to her, in a Dedication; but Protects me unſeen, like my Guardian-Angel; and ſhuns my Gratitude, like a Fairy, who is Bountiful by ſtealth; and conceals the Giver, when ſhe beſtows the Gift.

Gift. But my Lady *Sylvius* has been juster to me, and pointed out the Goddess, at whose Altar I was to pay my Sacrifice and Thanks Offering. And had she been silent, yet my Lord Chamberlain himself, in restoring my Play, without any Alteration, avow'd to me, that I had the most Earnest Sollicitress, as well as the Fairest; and that nothing cou'd be refus'd to my Lady *Hyde*.

These Favours, my Lord, receiv'd from your Self, and your Noble Family, have encourag'd me to this Dedication; wherein I not only give you back a Play, which had you not redeem'd it, had not been mine; but also at the same time, Dedicate to you, the unworthy Author, with my inviolable Faith, and (how mean soever) my utmost Service: And I shall be proud to hold my Dependance on you in Chief, as I do part of my small Fortune in *Wiltshire*. Your Goodness has not been wanting to me, during the Reign of my two Masters. And even from a bare Treasury, my Success has been contrary to that of Mr. *Cowley*; and *Gideon*'s Fleece has then been moisten'd, when all the Ground has been dry about it. Such and so many Provocations of this nature, have concurr'd to my Invading of your Modesty, with this Address. I am sensible that it is in a manner forc'd upon you. But your Lordship has been the Aggressor in this Quarrel, by so many Favours, which you are not weary of conferring on me. Though at the same time, I own the Ambition on my side, to be ever esteem'd

Your Lordship's most Thankful

And most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE.

It is now seven or eight Years since I design'd to write this Play of CLEOMENES; *and my Lord* Falkland, *(whose Name I cannot mention without Honour, for the many Favours I have receiv'd from him) is pleas'd to witness for me, That in a* French *Book, which I presented him about that time, there were the Names of many Subjects that I had thought on for the Stage; amongst which, this* Tragedy *was one. This, was out of my Remembrance; but my Lord, on the occasion of stopping my Play, took the Opportunity of doing me a good Office at Court, by representing it as it was, a Piece long ago design'd: Which being judiciously treated, I thought was capable of moving Compassion on the Stage. The Success has justified my Opinion, and that at a time when the World is running mad after* Farce, *the Extremities of bad Poetry, or rather the Judgment that is fallen upon Dramatique Writing. Were I in the Humour, I have sufficient cause to expose it in its true Colours; but having for once escap'd, I will forbear my Satyr, and only be thankful for my Deliverance. A great part of my good Fortune, I must confess, is owing to the Justice which was done me in the Performance: I can scarcely refrain from giving every one of the Actors their particular Commendations; but none of them will be offended, if I say what the Town has generally granted, That Mrs.* Barry, *always Excellent, has in this* Tragedy, *excell'd Herself, and gain'd a Reputation beyond any Woman whom I have ever seen on the Theatre. After all, it was a bold Attempt of mine, to write upon a single Plott, unmix'd with* Comedy; *which though it be the natural and true way, yet is not to the* Genius *of the Nation. Yet to gratifie the barbarous Party of my Audience, I gave them a short Rabble-Scene, because the Mobb (as they call them) are represented by* Plutarch *and* Polybius, *with the same Character of Baseness and Cowardice, which are here describ'd, in the last Attempt of* Cleomenes. *They may thank me, if they please, for this Indulgence; for no French Poet would have allow'd them any more than a bare*

Relation

Relation of that Scene, which debases a Tragedy to shew upon the Stage.

For the rest, some of the Mechanique Rules of Unity are observed, and others are neglected. The Action is but one, which is the Death of Cleomenes; and every Scene in the Play, is tending to the Accomplishment of the Main Design. The Place is likewise one; for 'tis all in the compass of Alexandria, and the Port of that City. The time might easily have been reduc'd into the space of twenty four Hours, if I wou'd have omitted the Scene of Famine, in the Fifth Act; but it pleas'd me to try how Spartan wou'd endure it; and, besides, gave me the occasion of writing that other Scene, betwixt Cleomenes and his suspected Friend; and, in such a Case, 'tis better to trespass on a Rule, than leave out a Beauty.

As for other Objections, I never heard any worth answering; and least of all that Foolish One, which is rais'd against me by the Sparks, for Cleomenes not accepting the favours of Cassandra. They wou'd not have rejected a fair Lady. I grant they wou'd not; but let them grant me, That they are not Heros; and so much for the Point of Honour. A Man might have pleaded an Excuse for himself, if he had been false to an Old Wife, for the sake of a Young Mistress; but Cleora was in the Flower of her Age, and it was yet but Honey-moon with Cleomenes; and so much for Nature. Some have told me, That many of the fair Sex complain for want of tender Scenes, and soft Expressions of Love: I will endeavour to make them some amends, if I write again; and my next Hero shall be no Spartan.

I know it will be here expected, that I should write somewhat concerning the forbidding of my Play; but the less I say of it, the better. And besides, I was a little concern'd at it, that had it not been on consideration of the Actors, who were to suffer on my account, I should not have been at all sollicitous, whether it were play'd, or no. No body can imagine, that in my declining Age I write willingly, or that I am desirous of exposing, at this time of day, the small Reputation which I have gotten on the Theatre. The Subsistence which I had from the former Government, is lost; and the Reward I have from the Stage is so little, that it is not worth my Labour.

As for the Reasons which were given for suspending the Play, it seems they were so ill founded, that my Lord Chamberlain, no sooner took the pains to read it, but they vanish'd; and my Copy was restor'd to me, without the least Alteration by his Lordship. 'Tis printed as it

it was acted; and I dare assure you, that here is no Parallel to be found: 'Tis neither Compliment, nor Satyr; but a plain Story, more strictly followed than any which has appear'd upon the Stage. 'Tis true, it had been garbled before by the Superiours of the Play-house; and I cannot reasonably blame them for their Caution; because they are answerable for any thing that is publickly represented: And their Zeal for the Government is such, that they had rather lose the best Poetry in the World, than give the least Suspicion of their Loyalty. The short is, that they were diligent enough to make sure Work: and to geld it so clearly in some places, that they took away the very Manhood of it. I can only apply to them, what Cassandra *says somewhere in the Play to* Ptolomey;

To be so nice in my Concerns for you;
To doubt where Doubts are not; to be too fearful;
To raise a Bug-bear Shadow of a Danger;
And then be frighted, though it cannot reach you.

But, since it concerns me to be as circumspect as they are, I have given leave to my Bookseller to print the Life of Cleomenes, *as it is elegantly, and faithfully translated out of* Plutarch, *by my learned Friend, Mr.* Creech; *to whom the World has been indebted for his excellent Version of* Lucretius; *and I particularly oblig'd in his Translation of* Horace. *We daily expect* Manilius *from him; an Author worthy only of such Hands; which having formerly reveal'd the Secrets of Nature to us here on Earth, is now discovering to us her Palace in the Skies; and if I might be allow'd to say it, giving Light to the Stars of Heaven.*

Ergò vivida vis animi, pervicit; & extra
Processit longè, flammantia mœnia Mundi.

But to return to Plutarch; *you will find him particularly fond of* Cleomenes *his Character; who as he was the last of the* Spartan *Heroes, so he was, in my Opinion, the greatest. Even his Enemy,* Polybius, *though engag'd in the contrary Faction, yet speaks honourably of him; and especially of his last Action in* Egypt. *This Author is also made* English, *and will shortly be publish'd for the Common Benefit.*

What I have added to the Story, is chiefly the Love of Agathoclea, *the King's Mistress; whose Name I have chang'd into* Cassandra; *only for the better sound. As I have also the name of*

Nicagoras, *into that of* Cœnus, *for the same Reason.* Cratisiclæa, Pantheus, *and* Sosybius, *are to be found in the Story, with the same Characters which they have in the Tragedy. There is likewise mention made of the Son of* Cleomenes, *who had resolution enough to throw himself headlong from a Tower, when he had heard of his Father's ill Success. And for* Cleora, *whom I make the second Wife of* Cleomenes (*for* Ægyatis *was dead before*) *you will find a hint of her in* Plutarch; *for he tells us, That after the loss of the Battle at* Sellasia, *he return'd to* Sparta, *and entring his own House, was there attended by a Free-born Woman of* Megalopolis.

The Picture of Ptolomey Philopater, *is given by the fore-mention'd Authors to the full. Both agree that he was an Original of his kind; a Lazy, Effeminate, Cowardly, Cruel, and Luxurious Prince, manag'd by his Favourite, and impos'd on by his Mistress. The Son of* Sosybyus, *whom I call* Cleanthes, *was a Friend to* Cleomenes: *but* Plutarch *says, he at length forsook him. I have giv'n him a fairer Character, and made it only a seeming Treachery, which he practis'd. If any be so curious to enquire what became of* Cassandra, *whose Fortune was left in suspence at the Conclusion of the Play, I must first inform them, that after the death of* Cleomenes, (*the Heroe of my Poem,*) *I was oblig'd by the Laws of the* Drama, *to let fall the Curtain immediately; because the Action was then concluded. But* Polybius *tells us, that she surviv'd* Ptolomey, *who reign'd about Twenty seven Years; that with her Brother* Agathocles, *she govern'd* Egypt *in the Minority of his Son* Ptolomey Epiphanes; *and that finally for oppressing of the People, both the Brother and Sister were slain in a popular Insurrection.*

There is nothing remaining, but my Thanks to the Town in general, and to the fair Ladies in particular, for their kind Reception of my Play. And though I cannot retract what I said before, that I was not much concern'd in my own particular, for the Embargo which was laid upon it: Yet I think my self oblig'd, at the same time, to render my Acknowledgments to those Honourable Persons, who were instrumental in the freeing it. For as it was from a Principle of Nobleness in them, that they would not suffer one to want, who was grown old in their Service: So it is from a Principle of another sort, that I have learn'd to possess my Soul in Patience, and not to be much disquieted, with any Disappointment of this Nature.

The

The following Verſes were ſent me by a young Gentleman, under Twenty Years of Age, whoſe Modeſty would have conceal'd his Name; but I learn'd it from another Hand, and have taken the boldneſs to ſubſcribe it without his Leave. I preſume that on the reading of them, no body can blame me for making Cleonidas *ſpeak above his Youth, when you ſee an* Engliſhman *ſo far ſurpaſſing my* Spartan.

To Mr. Dryden, *on his* CLEOMENES.

HAs Youth then loſt its great Prerogative?
And do's the Soul alone for Age ſurvive?
Like *Embryo's* ſleeping in their Seeds, ſeem nought,
'Till friendly Time does ripen it to Thought?
Judgment, Experience, that before was theirs;
But Fancy wanton'd in a younger Sphere;
Play'd with ſome looſe and ſcatter'd Beams of Light,
And revell'd in an Anarchy of Wit.
Both Youth and Age unequally did charm;
As much too cold was this, as that too warm.
But you have reconcil'd their differing Praiſe,
By fixing both to your immortal Bays.
Where Fancy mounts, but Judgment holds the Reins;
Not checks, but guides you to harmonious Strains.
'Tis Harmony indeed, 'tis all unite,
Like finiſh'd Nature, and divided Light:
Like the vaſt Order, and its numerous Throng,
Crowded to their Almighty Maker's Song;
Where Heav'n and Earth ſeem but one ſingle Tongue.
O wondrous Man! where have you learn'd the Art
To charm our Reaſon, while you wound the Heart!
Far more than *Spartan* Morals to inſpire,
While your great Accents kindle *Spartan* Fire.
Thus Metals heated to the Artiſt's Will,
Receive th' Impreſſions of a Nobler Skill.

Your Hero form'd ſo regularly Good,
So nicely patient in his Want of Food,
That it no more *th' Undreſs* of Death appears,
While the rich Garment of your Sence it wears.
So juſt a Husband, Father, Son, and Friend,
Great in his Life, but greater in his End:
That ſure, like *Xenophon*, you meant to ſhew,
Not what they are, but what they ought to do;
At once a Poet, and Inſtructer too.
The Parts ſo manag'd, as if each were thine;
Thou draw'ſt both Ore and Metal from the Mine;
And to be ſeen, thou mak'ſt ev'n Vice to ſhine.
As if, like *Siam*'s tranſmigrating God,
A ſingle Life in each you made abode;
And the whole Buſineſs of the tedious round,
To Copy Patterns which in each you found.
Sure you have gain'd from Heav'n *Promethean* Fire,
To form, then kindle Souls into Deſire:
Elſe why ſucceſſive ſtarts of Hopes and Fears;
A Martial Warmth firſt rais'd, then quench'd with Tears?
Unleſs this Truth ſhines clearly through the whole,
Sence Rules the World, but you command the Soul.

Theophilus Parſons.

THE LIFE OF CLEOMENES.

THus fell *Agis*. His Brother *Archidamus* was too quick for *Leonidas*, and ſav'd himſelf by a timely Retreat. But his Wife then newly brought to Bed, the Tyrant forc'd her from her own Houſe, and compell'd her to marry his Son *Cleomenes*, though at that time too young for a Wife; for he was unwilling that any one elſe ſhould have her, ſhe being Heireſs to her Father *Gylippus*'s great Eſtate; for Perſon, the fineſt Woman in all *Greece*, very good-natur'd, of an exemplary Life, and therefore, they ſay, ſhe did all ſhe could, that ſhe might not be compell'd to this Match.

Being thus married to *Cleomenes*, ſhe hated *Leonidas*, but to the Youth ſhe ſhow'd her ſelf a kind and obliging Wife. He, as ſoon as they came together, began to love her very much, and the conſtant Kindneſs that ſhe ſtill retain'd for the memory of *Agis*, wrought ſomewhat of Concern in the young Man for him, ſo that he would often enquire of her concerning what had paſs'd, and attentively liſten to the Story of *Agis*'s Deſigns. Now *Cleomenes* had a generous and great Soul; he was as temperate and moderate in his Pleaſures as *Agis*, but not ſo very cautious, circumſpect and gentle: a ſpur of Paſſion always gall'd him, and his eagerneſs to purſue that which he thought good and juſt, was violent and heady. To make Men willing to obey, he conceiv'd to be the beſt Diſci-

pline; but likewiſe to break the ſtubborn, and force them to be better, was in his opinion commendable and brave. This Diſpoſition made him diſlike the management of the City: The Citizens lay diſſolv'd in ſupine Idleneſs and Pleaſures; the King minded nothing, deſigning, if no body gave him any diſturbance, to waſte his Time in Eaſe and Riot; the Publick was neglected, and each Man intent upon his private Gain. 'Twas dangerous, now *Agis* was kill'd, to mention the exerciſing and training of their Youth, and to ſet up for the ancient Bravery and Equality, was Treaſon againſt the State. 'Tis ſaid alſo that *Cleomenes*, whilſt a Boy, ſtudied Philoſophy under *Sphærus* the *Boryſtenite*, who coming to *Sparta*, was very diligent in Inſtructing the Youth: *Sphærus* was one of the chief of *Zeno* the *Citiean*'s Scholars, and 'tis likely that he admir'd the manly Temper of *Cleomenes*, and inflam'd his generous Ambition. The ancient *Leonidas* (as Story ſaith) being ask'd, What manner of Poet he thought *Tyrtæus*? reply'd, An excellent one to whet the Courages of youth, for being fill'd with Fury by his Poems, they daringly ventur'd on any Danger: now the *Stoicks* Philoſophy is a dangerous Incentive to hot and fiery Diſpoſitions, but being mixt with a grave and cautious Temper, is very good to fix and ſettle the Reſolutions.

Upon the Death of his Father *Leonidas*, he ſucceeded, and obſerving the Citizens of all ſorts to be debauch'd, the rich neglecting the Publick, and intent on their own Gain and Pleaſure, and the poor being crampt in their private Fortunes, grown unactive, Cowards, and not inclinable to the *Spartan* Inſtitution and way of Breeding, that he had only the Name of King, and the *Ephori* all the Power, was reſolv'd to change the preſent poſture of Affairs. He had a Friend whoſe name was *Xenares*, his Lover, (ſuch an Affection the *Spartans* expreſs by the word, ἐμπνεῦσαι) him he ſounded and of him he would commonly enquire, What manner of King *Agis* was, by what means, and by what Aſſiſtance he began and purſu'd his Deſigns. *Xenares* at firſt willingly comply'd with his Requeſt, and told him the whole Story, with all the particular Circumſtances of the Actions. But when he obſerv'd *Cleomenes* to be extreamly affected at the Relation, and more than ordinarily mov'd at *Agis*'s new model of the Government, and begging

ging a repetition of the Story, he at first severely chid him, told him, He was frantick, and at last left off all sort of Familiarity and Conversation with him, yet he never told any Man the cause of their Disagreement, but would only say, *Cleomenes knew very well.* *Cleomenes* finding *Xenares* averse to his Designs, and thinking all others to be of the same opinion, consulted with none, but contriv'd the whole Business by himself. And considering that it would be easier to bring about an Alteration when the City was at War, than when in Peace, he engag'd the Commonwealth in a Quarrel with the *Achæans*, who had given them fair occasions to complain: for *Aratus*, a Man of the greatest Power amongst all the *Achæans*, design'd from the very beginning to bring all the *Peloponnesians* into one common Body. And to effect this, he undertook many Expeditions, and ran through a long course of Policy; for he thought this the only means to make them an equal Match for their foreign Enemies: All the rest agreed to his Proposals, only the *Lacedæmonians*, the *Eleans*, and as many of the *Arcadians* as inclin'd to the *Spartan* Interest, refus'd. Therefore as soon as *Leonidas* was dead, he fell upon the *Arcadians*, and wasted those especially that border'd on *Achaia*; by this means designing to try the Inclinations of the *Spartans*, and despising *Cleomenes* as a Youth, and of no experience in Affairs of State or War. Upon this the *Ephori* sent *Cleomenes* to surprise the *Athenæum* (dedicated to *Minerva*) near *Belbina*, which is a pass of *Laconia*, and was then under the Jurisdiction of the *Megalopolitans*: *Cleomenes* possest himself of the place, and fortified it; at which Action *Aratus* shew'd no publick Resentment, but marcht by night to surprise *Tegæa* and *Orchomenium*. The Design fail'd; for those that were to betray the Cities into his Hands, doubted the Success; so *Aratus* retreated, imagining that his Design had been undiscovered: But *Cleomenes* wrote a jeering Letter to him, and desired to know, as from a Friend, whither he intended to march at night? And *Aratus* answering, That having understood his Design to fortifie *Belbina*, he resolv'd to march thither to oppose him. *Cleomenes* return'd, That he believed it, but desir'd him to give him an account, if it stood with his Convenience, why he carryed those Torches and Ladders with him.

Aratus laughing at the Jeer, and asking what manner of Youth this was; *Democrites* a *Spartan* Exile replyed, *If you have any Designs upon the* Lacedæmonians, *begin before this young Eagle's Talons are grown.* Presently after this, *Cleomenes* being in *Arcadia* with a few Horse, and 300 Foot, the *Ephori* fearing to engage in the War, commanded him home, but upon his Retreat, *Aratus* taking *Caphuæ*, they commission'd him again. In this Expedition he took *Methudrium*, and spoiled the Country of the *Argives*, and the *Achaians:* to stop his Victory, and secure their Friends, sent 20000 foot and 1000 Horse against him, under the Command of *Aristomachus*. *Cleomenes* fac'd them at *Palantium*, and offer'd Battle: But *Aratus* being dash'd at his Bravery, would not suffer the General to engage, but retreated, being curst by the *Achæans*, and hooted at, and scorn'd by the *Spartans*, who were not above 5000, for a Coward. *Cleomenes* encouraged by this Success, began to vaunt among the Citizens a Sentence of one of their ancient Kings, who said, *The* Spartans *seldom enquired how many their Enemies were, but where they were.* After this, marching to the Assistance of the *Eleans*, upon whom the *Achaians* warr'd, and about *Lycæum* falling upon the Enemy in their Retreat, he routed their whole Army, taking a great number of Captives, and leaving many dead upon the Place; so that it was commonly reported amongst the Greeks that *Aratus* was slain. But *Aratus* making the best Advantage of the Opportunity, presently after the Defeat, march'd to *Mantinæa*, and before any body suspected it, took the City, and put a new Garrison into it. Upon this the *Lacedæmonians* being quite discouraged, and opposing *Cleomenes*'s Design of carrying on the War, he was eager to send for *Archidamus*, *Agis*'s Brother from *Messena*, for he of the other Family had a Right to the Kingdom; and beside, *Cleomenes* thought that the Power of the *Ephori* would be abated when the Kingly State was fill'd up, and equally poised between the two Families. But those that were concern'd in the Murder of *Agis* understanding the Design, and fearing that upon *Archidamus*'s Return they should be call'd to an Account, receiv'd him coming privately into Town, waited on him, and presently after murder'd him; but whether *Cleomenes* was against it (as *Phylarchus* imagines) or whether he was perswaded by his Friends, and wink'd at the Contrivance, is uncertain;

tain; however, they were moſt blam'd, as having forc'd his Conſent. But he ſtill reſolving to new-model the State, brib'd the *Ephori* to make him General: and won the Affections of many others by means of his Mother *Crateſiclæa*, who ſpared no Coſt, and was very zealous to promote the ſame Intereſt; and though of her ſelf ſhe had no Inclination to marry, yet for her Son's ſake ſhe wedded one of the chiefeſt Citizens for Wealth and Power. *Cleomenes* marching forth with the Army now under his Command, took *Leuctra*, a place belonging to *Megalopolis*; and the *Achæans* quickly facing him with a good body of Men commanded by *Aratus* in a Battle under the very Walls of the City, ſome part of his Army was routed. But *Aratus* commanding the *Achæans* not to paſs a deep Hollow, and ſtopping the Purſuit, *Lydiadas* the *Megalopolitan* fretting at the Orders, encouraging the Horſe which he led, and purſuing the routed Enemy, fell into a place full of Vines, Hedges and Ditches; and being forc'd to break his Ranks, was put into a great Diſorder. *Cleomenes* obſerving the Advantage, commanded the *Tarentines* and *Cretans* to engage him, by whom, after a brave Diſpute he was routed and ſlain. The *Lacedæmonians* thus encouraged with a great ſhout fell upon the *Achæans* and routed their whole Army. Of the ſlain, which were very many, ſome *Cleomenes* delivered upon Articles, but the Body of *Lydiadas* he commanded to be brought to him; and then putting on it a purple Robe, and a Crown upon its Head, ſent a Convoy with it to the Gates of *Megalopolis*. This *Lydiadas* was the Man that reſign'd his Crown, reſtor'd Liberty to the Citizens, and joyn'd the City to the *Achæan* Intereſt. *Cleomenes* being very much raiſed by this Succeſs; and perſwaded, that if matters were wholly at his Diſpoſal, he ſhould quickly be too hard for the *Achæans*. He taught *Megiſtones* his Mother's Husband, That 'twas expedient for the State to ſhake off the Power of the *Ephori*, and to put all their Wealth into one common Stock for the whole Body; That *Sparta* being reſtor'd to its old Equality, might be rais'd up to be Miſtriſs of all *Greece*. *Megiſtones* liked the Deſign, and engaged two or three more of his Friends. About that time one of the *Ephori* ſleeping in *Paſiphae*'s Temple, dream'd a very ſurprizing Dream; for he thought he ſaw the four Chairs removed out

of

of the place where the *Ephori* uſed to ſit and hear Cauſes, and one only ſet there; and whilſt he wondred, he heard a Voice out of the Temple, ſaying, *This is beſt for* Sparta. The Perſon telling *Cleomenes* this Dream, he was a little troubled at firſt, fearing that he us'd this as a Trick to ſift him, upon ſome Suſpicion of his Deſign; but when he was ſatisfied that the Relater ſpoke truth, he took heart again; and taking with him thoſe whom he thought would be againſt his model, he took *Eræa* and *Alcæa*, two Cities of the *Achæans*, furniſh'd *Orchomenium* with Proviſions, beſieg'd *Mantinæa*; and with long marches ſo haraſs'd the *Lacedæmonians*, that many of them deſir'd to be left in *Arcadia*; and he ſatisfy'd their Requeſt. With the Mercenaries he march'd to *Sparta*, and by the way communicated his Deſign to thoſe whom he thought fitteſt for his Purpoſe, and march'd ſlowly that he might catch the *Ephori* at Supper. When he was come near the City, he ſent *Eurycleidas* to the *Suſſitium*, the eating place of the *Ephori*, under pretence of carrying ſome Meſſage from him from the Army; *Threicion*, *Phœbis*, and two of thoſe which were bred with *Cleomenes*, which they call *Samothracæ*, follow'd with a few Souldiers; And whilſt *Eurycleidas* was delivering his Meſſage to the *Ephori*, they ran upon them with their drawn Swords, and ſlew them. *Ageſilaus* as ſoon as he was run through, fell, and lay as dead; but in a little time he roſe, ſilently convey'd himſelf out of the Room, and crept undiſcover'd into a little Houſe, which was the Temple of *Fear*, and which always us'd to be ſhut, but was then by chance open; being got in, he ſhut the Door, and lay cloſe: the other four were kill'd, and above ten more that came to their Aſſiſtance; to thoſe that were quiet, they did no harm, ſtopt none that fled the City, and ſpar'd *Ageſilaus*, who came out of the Temple the next day. The *Lacedæmonians* have not only Temples dedicated to *Fear*, but alſo to *Death*, *Laughter*, and the like Paſſions: now they worſhip *Fear*, not as they do thoſe Deities which they dread, eſteeming it hurtfull, but thinking their Polity is chiefly kept up by Law; and therefore the *Ephori* (*Ariſtotle* is my Author) when they enter upon their Government, make Proclamation to the People, that they ſhould ſhave their Whiskers, and be obedient to the Laws, that they might not be forc'd to be ſevere, uſing this trivial

trivial Particular (in my opinion) to accuſtom their Youth to Obedience even in the ſmalleſt Matters. And the Ancients, I think, did not imagine Fortitude to be plain fearleſsneſs, but a cautious Fear of Infamy and Diſgrace: for thoſe that ſhow moſt Fear towards the Laws, are moſt bold againſt their Enemies; and thoſe are leaſt afraid of any Danger, who are moſt afraid of a juſt reproach. Therefore he ſaid well:

A Reverence ſtill attends on Fear.

And *Homer*,

Fear'd you ſhall be, dear Uncle, and rever'd.

And again,

In ſilence fearing thoſe that bore the ſway.

For 'tis very commonly ſeen, that Men reverence thoſe whom they fear; and therefore the *Lacedæmonians* plac'd the Temple of *Fear* by the *Suſſitium* of the *Ephori*, having rais'd their Power to almoſt abſolute Monarchy.

The next day *Cleomenes* proſcrib'd 80 of the Citizens, whom he thought neceſſary to baniſh, and removed all the Seats of the *Ephori* except one, in which he himſelf deſign'd to ſit, and hear Cauſes; and calling the Citizens together, he made an Apology for his Proceedings, ſaying, That by *Lycurgus* the Senate was joyn'd to the Kings, and that that model of Government had continued a long time, and needed no other ſort of Magiſtrates to give it perfection. But afterward in the long War with the *Meſſenians*, when the Kings being to command the Army, had no time to attend civil Cauſes, they choſe ſome of their Friends, and left them to determine the Suits of the Citizens in their ſtead. Theſe were call'd *Ephori*, and at firſt behav'd themſelves as Servants to the Kings, but afterward by degrees they appropriated the Power to themſelves, and erected a diſtinct ſort of Magiſtracy. An evidence of the Truth of this may be taken from the uſual Behaviour of the Kings, who upon the firſt and ſecond Meſſage of the *Ephori*, refuſe to go, but upon the third readily attend them:

And

And *Aſteropus*, the firſt that rais'd the *Ephori* to that height of Power, liv'd a great many years after their Inſtitution; therefore whil'ſt they modeſtly contain'd themſelves within their own proper Sphear, 'twas better to bear with them than to make a diſturbance. But that an upſtart introduc'd Power ſhould ſo far deſtroy the old model of Government, as to baniſh ſome Kings, murder others without hearing their defence, and threaten thoſe who deſir'd to ſee the beſt and moſt divine Conſtitution reſtor'd in *Sparta*, was unſufferable. Therefore if it had been poſſible for him without Bloodſhed, to have freed *Lacedæmon* from thoſe foreign Plagues, Luxury, Vanity, Debts and Uſury, and from thoſe more ancient Evils, Poverty and Riches, he ſhould have thought himſelf the happieſt King in the World, having like an expert Phyſician cur'd the Diſeaſes of his Countrey without pain. But now in this neceſſity *Lycurgus*'s Example favour'd his Proceedings, who being neither King, nor Magiſtrate, but a private Man, and aiming at the Kingdom, came arm'd into the Market-place, and for fear of the King *Carileus* fled to the Altar: but he being a good Man, and a lover of his Countrey, readily conſented to *Lycurgus*'s Project, and admitted an Alteration in the State. Thus by his own Actions *Lycurgus* ſhow'd, That it was difficult to correct the Government without Force and Fear, in uſing which, he ſaid, he would be ſo moderate, as never to deſire their Aſſiſtance, but either to terrifie or ruine the Enemies of *Sparta*'s Happineſs and Safety. He commanded that all the Land ſhould be left in common, and private Claims laid aſide: That Debtors ſhould be diſcharged of their Debts, and a ſtrict ſearch made, who were Foreigners, and who not: That the true *Spartans*, recovering their Courage, might defend the City by their Arms, and that we may no longer ſee *Laconia*, for want of a ſufficient number to ſecure it, waſted by the *Ætolians* and *Illyrians*. Then he himſelf firſt, with his Father-in-law *Megiſtones*, and his Friends, brought all their Wealth into one publick Stock, and all the other Citizens follow'd the example: the Land was divided, and every one that he had baniſh'd, had a ſhare aſſign'd him; for he promiſ'd to reſtore all, as ſoon as things were ſettled and in quiet; and compleating the common number of Citizens, out of the beſt

and

and moſt agreeable of the neighbouring Inhabitants, he rais'd a Body of 4000 Men, and inſtead of a Spear, taught them to uſe a *Sariſſa*, (a long Pike) with both hands, and to carry their Shields by a String faſtned round their Arms, and not by a Handle, as before. After this he began to conſult about the exerciſing and breeding of the Youth, (many Particulars of which, *Sphærus* being then at *Sparta*, directed) and in a ſhort time the Schools of Exerciſe, and their *Suſſitia*, (common eating Places) recover'd their ancient Decency and Order, a few out of neceſſity, but the moſt voluntarily applying themſelves to that generous and *Laconick* way of Living: beſides, that the Name of Monarch might give them no jealouſie, he made *Eucleidas*, his Brother, Partner in the Throne; and that was the only time that *Sparta* had two Kings of the ſame Family. Then underſtanding that the *Achæans* and *Aratus* imagin'd that this Change had diſturb'd and ſhaken his Affairs, and that he would not venture out of *Sparta*, and leave the City now unſettled by ſo great an Alteration, he thought it great and ſerviceable to his Deſigns, to convince his Enemies that he was eagerly deſirous of a War: And therefore making an Incurſion into the Territories of *Megalopolis*, he waſted the Countrey very much, and got a conſiderable Booty. And at laſt taking thoſe that us'd to act in the publick Solemnities travelling from *Meſſena*, and building a Theater in the Enemies Countrey, and ſetting a Prize of 40*l.* value, he ſate Spectator a whole day; not that he either deſir'd or needed ſuch a Divertiſement, but as it were inſulting o're his Enemies, and that by thus manifeſtly deſpiſing them, he might ſhow that he had more than conquer'd the *Achæans*: For that alone of all the Greek or Kings Armies had no Stage-players, no Juglers, no dancing or ſinging Women attending it, but was free from all ſorts of Looſneſs, Wantonneſs and Foppery; the young Men being for the moſt part upon Duty, and the old Men teaching them at leiſure time to apply themſelves to their uſual Drollery, and to rally one another facetiouſly after the *Laconick* faſhion; the Advantages of which I have diſcover'd in the Life of *Lycurgus*. He himſelf inſtructed all by his Example: he was a living Pattern of Temperance before every bodies eyes, and his courſe of Living was neither more ſtately nor more expenſive than any of the Commons. And this was a conſiderable Advantage to him in his Deſigns on *Greece*; for Men when they waited upon other Kings, did not ſo much admire their Wealth, coſtly Furniture, and numerous Attendance, as they hated their Pride and State, their difficulty of Acceſs, and ſcornful commanding Anſwers to their Petitions.

But when they came to *Cleomenes*, who was both really a King, and bore that Title, and ſaw no Purple, no Robes of State upon him, no Chairs and Couches about him for his eaſe, and that he did not receive Petitions, and return Anſwers after a long delay, by a number of Meſſengers, Waiters, or by Bills, but that he roſe and came forward to meet thoſe that came to wait upon him, ſtaid, talk'd freely and graciouſly with all that had Buſineſs, they were extreamly taken, won to his Service, and profeſs'd that he alone was the true Son of *Hercules*. His common every days Meal was in a mean Room, very ſparing, and after the *Laconick* manner; and when he entertain'd Ambaſſadors or Strangers, two more Beds were added, and a little better Dinner provided by his Servants; but no Fricacies, no Dainties, only the Diſhes were larger, and the Wine more plentiful; for he reprov'd one of his Friends for entertaining ſome Strangers, with nothing but Pulſe and black Broth, ſuch Diet as they uſually had in their *Phiditia*, ſaying, That upon ſuch occaſions, and when they treat Strangers, 'twas not requiſite to be too exact *Laconians*. After Supper, a Stand was brought in with a braſs Veſſel full of Wine, two ſilver Pots, which held almoſt a Quart apiece, a few ſilver Cups, of which he that pleaſ'd might drink, but no Liquor was forc'd on any of the Gueſts. There was no Muſick, nor was any requir'd; for he entertain'd the Company, ſometimes asking Queſtions, ſometimes telling Stories: And his Diſcourſe was neither too grave, and unpleaſantly ſerious, nor vain and abuſive, but merrily facetious; for he thought thoſe ways of catching Men by Gifts and Preſents, which other Kings uſe, to be mean and inartificial; and it ſeem'd to him to be the moſt glorious method, and moſt ſuitable to a King, to win the Affections of thoſe that came near him, by pleaſant Diſcourſe, and unaffected Converſation: for a Friend and Mercenary differ only in this, that the one is made by Converſation and Agreeableneſs of Humour, and the other by Reward. The *Mantineans* were the firſt that oblig'd him; for getting by night into the City, and driving out the *Achæan* Garriſon, they put themſelves under his Protection: he reſtor'd them their Polity and Laws, and the ſame day march'd to *Tegea*; and a little while after fetching a Compaſs through *Arcadia*, he made a deſcent upon *Pheræ* in *Achaia*, intending to force *Aratus* to a Battel, or bring him into Diſrepute, for refuſing to engage, and ſuffering him to waſt the Countrey: *Hyperbatus* at that time commanded the Army, but *Aratus* had all the Power amongſt the *Achæans*. The *Achæans* marching forth with their whole

whole Strength, and incamping in *Dumææ*, about *Hecatombæum*, *Cleomenes* came up, and thinking it not advisable to pitch between *Dumææ*, a City of the Enemies, and the Camp of the *Achæans*, he boldly dar'd the *Achæans*, and forc'd them to a Battel, and routing the *Phalanx*, slew a great many in the Fight, and took many Prisoners; thence marching to *Lagon*, and driving out the *Achæan* Garrison, he restor'd the City to the *Elæans*. The Affairs of the *Achæans* being in this desperate condition, *Aratus*, who was wont to continue in his Government above a year, refus'd the Command, though they entreated and urg'd him to accept it; and this was ill done, when the Storm was high, to put the Power out of his own hands, and set another to the Helm. *Cleomenes* at first propos'd fair and easie Conditions by his Ambassadors to the *Achæans*; but afterward he sent others, and requir'd the chief Command to be settled upon him; and in other Matters he promis'd to agree to reasonable Terms, and to restore their Captives and their Countrey. The *Achæans* were willing to come to an agreement upon those terms, and invited *Cleomenes* to *Lerna*, where an Assembly was to be held; but it hapned that *Cleomenes* hastily marching on, and unreasonably drinking Water, brought up abundance of Blood, and lost his Voice: therefore being unable to continue his March, he sent the chiefest of the Captives to the *Achæans*, and putting off the Meeting for some time retir'd to *Lacedæmon*. This ruin'd the Affairs of *Greece*, which was just then ready to recover it self out of its Disasters, and avoid the insulting and Covetousness of the *Macedonians*: for *Aratus*, whether fearing or distrusting *Cleomenes*, or envying his unlook'd-for Success, or thinking it a disgrace for him who had commanded 33 years, to have a young Man succeed to all his Glory and his Power, and be Head of that Government which he had been raising and setling so many years; he first endeavour'd to keep the *Achæans* from closing with *Cleomenes*; but when they would not hearken to him, fearing *Cleomenes*'s daring Spirit, and thinking the *Lacedæmonian*'s Proposals to be very reasonable who design'd only to reduce *Peloponnesus* to its old Model, he took his last Refuge, in an Action which was unbecoming any of the *Greeks*, most dishonourable to him, and most unworthy his former Bravery and Exploits: for he call'd *Antigonus* into *Greece*, and fill'd *Peloponnesus* with *Macedonians*, whom he himself, when a Youth, having beaten their Garrison out of the Castle of *Corinth*, had driven from the same Countrey; beside he declar'd himself an Enemy to all Kings, and hath left many dishonourable Stories of this same *Antigonus*, in those Com-

mentaries which he wrote. And though he declares that he ſuffer'd conſiderable Loſſes, and underwent great dangers, that he might free *Athens* from the Power of the *Macedonians*, yet afterward he brought the very ſame Men arm'd into his own Countrey, and his own Houſe, even to the Womens Apartment. He would not endure, that one of the Family of *Hercules*, and King of *Sparta*, and one that had reform'd the Polity of his Countrey, as it were a diſorder'd Harmony, and tun'd it to the plain *Dorick* meaſure of *Lycurgus*, to be ſtyl'd, Head of the *Triccæans* and *Sicyonians*; and whilſt he fled the Pulſe and ſhort Coat, and, which were his chief Accuſations againſt *Cleomenes*, the extirpation of Wealth, and reformation of Poverty, he baſely ſubjected himſelf, together with *Achæa*, to the Diadem and Purple, to the imperious Commands of the *Macedonians*, and their *Satrapæ*. That he might not ſeem to be under *Cleomenes*, he ſacrific'd the *Antigonea*, (Sacrifices in Honour of *Antigonus*) and ſung *Pæans* himſelf with a Garland on his Head, to the Honour of a rotten, conſumptive *Macedonian*.

I write this not out of any deſign to diſgrace *Aratus* (for in many things he ſhew'd himſelf vigorous for the *Græcian* Intereſt, and a great Man) but out of pity to the weakneſs of Humane Nature, which, in ſuch a Perſon ſo excellent, and ſo many ways diſpoſed to Vertue, cannot attain to a State irreprehenſible. The *Achæans* meeting again at *Argos*, and *Cleomenes* deſcending from *Tegea*, there were great hopes that all Differences would be compos'd. But *Aratus*, *Antigonus*, and He having already agreed upon the chief Articles of their League, fearing that *Cleomenes* would carry all before him, and either win, or force the Multitude to comply with his Demands, propos'd, that, having three hundred Hoſtages put into his Hands, he ſhould come alone into the Town, or bring his Army to the place of Exerciſe, call'd *Cillarabion*, without the City, and treat there.

Cleomenes hearing this, ſaid, That he was unjuſtly dealt with; for they ought to have told him ſo plainly at firſt, and not now he was come even to their Doors, ſhow their Jealouſie, and deny him Admiſſion: and writing an Epiſtle to the *Achæans* about the ſame Subject; the greateſt part of which was an Accuſation of *Aratus*; and *Aratus*, on the other ſide, ripping up his Faults to the Aſſembly, he haſtily diſlodg'd; and ſent a Trumpeter to denounce War againſt the *Achæans*, but not to *Argos*, but to *Ægium*, as *Aratus* delivers, that he might not give them notice enough to make Proviſion for their Defence. Upon this, the *Achæans* were mightily diſturb'd, the common People expecting a Diviſion

viſion of the Land, and a Releaſe from their Debts; and the chief Men being on many Accounts diſpleas'd with *Aratus*, and ſome Angry and at odds with him, as the occaſion of the *Macedonians* deſcent on *Peloponneſus*. Encouraged by theſe Miſunderſtandings, *Cleomenes* invades *Achæa*; and firſt took *Pellene* by ſurpriſe, and beat out the *Achæan* Garriſon; and afterward brought over *Pheneon* and *Pentelæon* to his ſide. Now the *Achæans* ſuſpecting ſome treacherous Deſigns at *Corinth* and *Sicyon*, ſent their Horſe and Mercenaries out of *Argos* to have an Eye upon thoſe Cities, and they themſelves went to *Argos* to celebrate the *Nemean* Games. *Cleomenes* advertis'd of this march, and hoping (as it afterward fell out) that upon an unexpected Advance to the City now buſied in the Solemnity of the Games, and throng'd with numerous Spectators he ſhould raiſe a conſiderable Terror and Confuſion amongſt them; by night he march'd with his Army to the Walls, and taking the quarter of the Town call'd *Aſpis*, which lies above the Theater, a place well fortify'd, and hard to be approach'd, he ſo terrify'd them, that none offer'd to reſiſt, but agreed to accept a Garriſon, to give twenty Citizens for Hoſtages, and to aſſiſt the *Lacedæmonians*, and that he ſhould have the chief Command. This Action conſiderably encreas'd his Reputation, and his Power; for the ancient *Spartan* Kings, though they many ways endeavour'd to effect it, could never bring *Argos* to be ſtedfaſtly and ſincerely theirs. And *Pyrrhus* a moſt experienc'd Captain, and brave Souldier, though he entred the City by force, could not keep Poſſeſſion, but was ſlain himſelf with a conſiderable part of his Army: Therefore they admir'd the Diſpatch and Contrivance of *Cleomenes*; and thoſe that before derided him for ſaying that he imitated *Solon* and *Lycurgus* in releaſing the People from their debts, and in equally dividing the Wealth of the Citizens, were now perſwaded that he was the cauſe of the deſirable Alterations in the *Spartan* Common-wealth: For before they were very low in the World, and ſo unable to ſecure their own that the *Ætolians* invading *Laconia*, brought away fifty thouſand Slaves; (ſo that one of the elder *Spartans* is reported to have ſaid, That *They had done* Laconia *a kindneſs by unburdening it*) and yet a little while after applying themſelves to their own Cuſtoms, and ancient Inſtitution, they gave notable Inſtances of Courage as Obedience, and if they had been under the Eye of *Lycurgus* himſelf; and quickly rais'd *Sparta* to be Head of all *Greece*, and recover'd *Peloponneſus* to themſelves. Whilſt *Argos* was taken, and *Cleonæ* and *Phlius* ſided with *Cleomenes*, *Aratus* was at *Corinth* ſearching

ing after ſome, who were reported to favour the *Spartan* Intereſt. The News being brought to him, diſturb'd him very much; for he perceiv'd the City inclining to *Cleomenes*, and the *Achæans* willing to be at eaſe; therefore he call'd all the Citizens into the common Hall, and, as it were undeſignedly retreating to the Gate, he mounted his Horſe that ſtood ready there, and fled to *Sicyon*; and the *Corinthians* made ſuch haſt to *Cleomenes* at *Argos*, that (as *Aratus* ſays) ſtriving who ſhould be firſt there, they ſpoil'd all their Horſes: and *Cleomenes* was very angry with the *Corinthians* for letting *Aratus* eſcape: And *Megiſtones* came from *Cleomenes* to him, deſiring him to deliver up the Caſtle of *Corinth*, which was then garriſon'd by the *Achæans*, and offer'd him a conſiderable Sum of Money; and that he anſwered, That *Matters were not now in his Power, but he in theirs.* Thus *Aratus* himſelf writes. But *Cleomenes* marching from *Argos*, and taking in the *Trœzenians*, *Epidaurians*, and *Hermioneans*, came to *Corinth*, and block'd up the Caſtle which the *Achæans* would not ſurrender; and ſending for *Aratus*'s Friends and Stewards, committed his Houſe and Eſtate to their Care and Management; and ſent *Tritimallus* the *Meſſenian* to him a ſecond time, deſiring that the Caſtle might be equally garriſon'd by the *Spartans* and *Achæans*, and promiſing to *Aratus* himſelf double the Penſion that he receiv'd from King *Ptolomy:* But *Aratus* refuſing the Conditions, and ſending his own Son with other Hoſtages to *Antigonus*, and perſwading the *Achæans* to make a Decree for delivering the Caſtle into *Antigonus*'s Hands, *Cleomenes* invaded the Territority of the *Sicyonians*, and by a Decree of the *Corinthians*, ſeiz'd on all *Aratus*'s Eſtate. In the mean time *Antigonus*, with a great Army, paſs'd *Gerania*, and *Cleomenes* thinking it more adviſeable to fortifie and garriſon, not the *Iſthmus*, but the Mountains called *Onia*, and by a long Siege and Skirmiſhes to weary the *Macedonians*, than to venture a ſet Battle, put his Deſign in Execution, which very much diſtreſs'd *Antigonus*; for he had not brought Victuals ſufficient for his Army; nor was it eaſie to force a way through whilſt *Cleomenes* guarded the Paſs. He attempted by night to paſs through *Lechæum*, but fail'd, and loſt ſome Men; ſo that *Cleomenes* and his Army were mightily encouraged, and ſo fluſht with the Victory, and they went merrily to Supper; and *Antigonus* was very much dejected, being reduc'd to thoſe miſerable ſtraits. At laſt he deſign'd to march to the Promontory *Heræum*, and thence tranſport his Army in Boats to *Sicyon*, which would take up a great deal of time, and be very chargeable. The ſame time about E-

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vening ſome of *Aratus*'s Friends came from *Argos* by Sea, and invited him to return, for the *Argives* would revolt from *Cleomenes*. *Ariſtotle* was the Man that wrought the Revolt, and he had no hard task to perſwade the common People; for they were all angry with *Cleomenes* for not releaſing them from their Debts as they expected. Upon this Advertiſement *Aratus* with fifteen hundred of *Antigonus*'s Souldiers ſail'd to *Epidaurus*; but *Ariſtotle* not ſtaying for his coming, drew out the Citizens, and fought againſt the Garriſon of the Caſtle, and *Timoxenus* with the *Achæans* from *Sicyon*, came to his Aſſiſtance. *Cleomenes* heard the News about the ſecond Watch of the Night, and ſending for *Megiſtones* angrily commanded him to go and ſet things right at *Argos*. This *Megiſtones* was the Man who paſs'd his word for the *Argives* Loyalty, and perſwaded him not to baniſh the ſuſpected. This *Megiſtones* he diſpatch'd with two thouſand Souldiers, and obſerv'd *Antigonus* himſelf, and encouraged the *Corinthians*, pretending that there was no great matter in the Stirs at *Argos*, but only a little Diſturbance rais'd by a few inconſiderable Perſons. But when *Megiſtones*, entring *Argos*, was ſlain, and the Garriſon could ſcarce hold out, and frequent Meſſengers came to *Cleomenes* for Succours, he fearing leaſt the Enemy having taken *Argos*, ſhould ſhut up the Paſſes, and ſecurely waſte *Laconia*, and beſiege *Sparta* it ſelf, which he had left without Forces; he diſlodg'd from *Corinth*, and preſently loſt that City; for *Antigonus* entred it, and garriſon'd the Town. He turn'd aſide from his direct March, and aſſaulting the Wall of *Argos*, endeavour'd to break in; and having clear'd a way under the quarter called *Aſpis*, he joyn'd the Garriſon which ſtill held out againſt the *Achæans*; ſome parts of the City he ſeal'd, and took, and his *Cretan* Archers clear'd the Streets. But when he ſaw *Antigonus* with his *Phalanx* deſcending from the Mountains into the Plain, and the Horſe on all ſides entring the City, he thought it impoſſible to maintain his Poſt, and therefore with all his Men made a ſafe Retreat behind the Wall. Having in a ſhort time rais'd himſelf to a conſiderable height, and in one March made himſelf Maſter of almoſt all *Peloponneſus*, and loſt all again in as ſhort a time: For ſome of his Allies preſently forſook him, and others not long after put themſelves under *Antigonus*'s Protection. His Army thus defeated, as he was leading back the Relicks of his Forces, ſome from *Lacedæmon* met him in the Evening at *Tegea*, and brought him News of as great a Misfortune as that which he had lately ſuffer'd, and that was the Death of his Wife, whom he doted on

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ſo much, that when he was moſt proſperous, he would ever now and then make a ſtep to *Sparta*, to viſit his beloved *Ægiatis*.

This News afflicted him extreamly, and he griev'd, as a young Man would do for the loſs of a very beautiful and excellent Wife; yet his Paſſion did not debaſe the greatneſs of his Mind, but keeping his uſual Voice, his Countenance, and his Habit, he gave neceſſary Orders to his Captains, and took care to ſecure the *Tegeans*. The next day he retir'd to *Sparta*, and having at home with his Mother and Children bewail'd the loſs, and finiſh'd his Mourning, he preſently appear'd about the publick Affairs of the State. Now *Ptolomy*, the King of *Ægypt*, promis'd him Aſſiſtance, but demanded his Mother and Children for Hoſtages: this for ſome conſiderable time he was aſham'd to diſcover to his Mother; and though he often went to her on purpoſe, and was juſt upon the Diſcourſe, yet ſtill refrain'd, and kept it to himſelf: ſo that ſhe began to ſuſpect ſomewhat, and ask'd his Friends, Whether *Cleomenes* had ſomewhat to ſay to her, which he was afraid to ſpeak? At laſt *Cleomenes* venturing to tell her, ſhe laugh'd heartily, and ſaid, *Was this the thing that you had often a mind to tell me, and was afraid? Why do not you put me on Shipboard, and ſend this Carkaſe where it may be moſt ſerviceable to* Sparta, *before Age waſtes it unprofitably here?* Therefore all things being provided for the Voyage, they went to *Tænarus* on Foot, and the Army waited on them. *Crateſiclæa*, when ſhe was ready to go on Board, took *Cleomenes* aſide into *Neptune*'s Temple, and embracing him who was very much dejected, and extreamly diſcompos'd, ſhe ſaid thus, *Go to King of* Sparta; *when we are without door, let none ſee us Weep, or ſhow any Paſſion below the Honour and Dignity of* Sparta; *for that alone is in our own Power: as for Succeſs or Diſappointments, thoſe wait on us as the Deity decrees.* Having ſaid thus, and compos'd her Countenance, ſhe went to the Ship with her little Grandſon, and bad the Pilot put preſently out to Sea. When ſhe came to *Ægypt*, and underſtood that *Ptolomy* entertain'd Propoſals and Overtures of Peace from *Antigonus*, and that *Cleomenes*, tho the *Achæans* invited and urg'd him to an Agreement, was afraid, for her ſake, to come to any, without *Ptolomy*'s conſent, ſhe wrote to him, adviſing him to do that which was moſt becoming and moſt profitable for *Sparta*, and not for the ſake of an old Woman and a little Child, always ſtand in fear of *Ptolomy*: this Character ſhe maintain'd in her Misfortunes. *Antigonus* having taken *Tegea*, and plunder'd *Orchomenum* and *Mantinæa*, *Cleomenes* was ſhut up within the narrow Bounds of *Laconia*, and made ſuch of the *Heilots* as could pay five *Attick* pounds,

free of *Sparta*, and by that means got together 500 Talents; and arming 2000 after the *Macedonian* fashion, that he might make a Body fit to oppose *Antigonus*'s *Leucaspida* (white Shields) he undertook a very considerable and very surprizing Enterprize. *Megalopolis* was at that time a City of it self, as big and as powerful as *Sparta*, and had the Forces of the *Achæans* and *Antigonus* encamping on its sides; and it was chiefly the *Megalopolitans* doing, that *Antigonus* was call'd in to assist the *Achæans*. *Cleomenes* having a design upon this City, (no Action was ever more sudden and more unexpected) order'd his Men to take five days Provision, and so march'd to *Sellasia*, as if he intended to spoil the Country of the *Argives*; but from thence making a descent into the Territories of *Megalopolis*, and refreshing his Army about *Rhatium*, he march'd through *Helicon*, directly to the City. When he was not far off the Town, he sent *Panteus* with two Regiments to surprize the *Mesopyrgion*, (the Quarter between the two Towers) which he understood to be the most unguarded Quarter of the *Megalopolitans* Fortifications; and with the rest of his Forces he follow'd leisurely *Panteus*, not only surpriz'd that place, but finding a great part of the Wall without Guards, he pull'd down some Places, and demolish'd others, and kill'd all the Defenders that he found. Whilst he was thus busied, *Cleomenes* came up to him, and was got with his Army within the City, before the *Megalopolitans* knew of the surprize: At last, as soon as it was discover'd, some left the Town immediately, taking with them what Money they had ready; some arm'd, and engag'd the Enemy; and tho' they were not able to beat them out, yet they gave their Citizens time and opportunity safely to retire: so that there were not above 1000 Persons left in the Town, all the rest flying with their Wives and Children, and escaping to *Messena*. A great number of those that arm'd and fought the Enemy, were slav'd, and very few taken, amongst whom were *Lysandridas* and *Thearidas*, two Men of great Power and Reputation amongst the *Magalopolitans*; and therefore the Soldiers, as soon as they were taken, brought them to *Cleomenes*: And *Lysandridas*, as soon as he saw *Cleomenes* afar off, cry'd out: *Now King of* Sparta, *'tis in your power by doing a most Kingly and braver Action than you have already perform'd, to purchase a considerable Glory.* And *Cleomenes*

guessing at his meaning, reply'd, *What do you say* Lysandridas, *sure you will not advise me to restore your City to you again?* *'Tis that which I mean*; Lysandridas *reply'd, and I advise you not to ruin so brave a City, but to fill it with faithful and stedfast Friends and Allies, by restoring their Country to the* Megalopolitans, *and being the Saviour of so considerable a People.* *Cleomenes* paus'd a while, and then said, *'Tis very hard to trust so far in these Matters; but with us let Profit always yield to Glory.* Having said this, he sent the two Men to *Messena* with a Trumpeter from himself, offering the *Megalopolitans* their City again, if they would forsake the *Achaan* Interest, and be on his side. Thô *Cleomenes* made these kind and obliging Proposals, yet *Philopæmen* would not suffer them to break their League with the *Achaans*; and accusing *Cleomenes* to the People, as if his design was not to restore the City, but to take the Citizens too, he forc'd *Thearidas* and *Lysandridas* to leave *Messena*.

This was that *Philopæmen*, who was afterward Chief of the *Achaans*, and a Man of the greatest Reputation amongst the *Greeks*, as I have made it appear in his own Life. This News coming to *Cleomenes*, though he had before taken such strict care that the City should not be plunder'd, yet then being in a Fury, and put out of all Patience, he rifled them of all their Coin, Plate and Jewels, and sent their Statues and Pictures unto *Sparta*; and demolishing a great part of the City, he march'd away for fear of *Antigonus* and the *Achaans*: but they never stirr'd, for they were in *Ægium*, at a Council of War. There *Aratus* mounted the Desk, wept a long while, and held his Mantle before his Face; and at last, the company being amaz'd, and commanding him to speak, he said, *Megalopolis is ruin'd by* Cleomenes, The Assembly was presently Dissolv'd; the *Achaans* being extremely surpriz'd at the suddeness and greatness of the loss; and *Antigonus* intending to send speedy succors, when he found his Army to gather very slowly out of their Winter-Quarters, he sent them Orders to continue there still; and he himself march'd to *Argos* with a considerable Body of Men. The The second Enterprize of *Cleomenes* seem'd to be carry'd on by extreme Boldness and unaccountable Madness; but yet in *Polybius*'s Opinion, was done upon mature Deliberation and exact fore-sight: for knowing very well that the *Macedonians* were

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diſpers'd into their Winter-Quarters, and that *Antigonus* with his Friends and a few Mercenaries about him, winter'd in *Argos*; upon theſe Conſiderations he invaded the Country of the *Argives*, hoping to ſhame *Antigonus* to a Battle upon unequal terms, or elſe if he did not dare to fight, to bring him into Diſrepute with the *Achæans*. And this accordingly hapned; for *Cleomenes* waſting, plundring, and ſpoiling the whole Countrey, the *Argives* yex'd at the loſs, ran in Troops to the Palace of the King, and clamour'd that he ſhould either fight, or ſurrender his Command to better and braver Men. But *Antigonus*, as became an experienc'd Captain, accounting it diſhonourable, fooliſhly to hazard his Army, and quit his Security, and not to be abus'd and rail'd at by the Rabble, would not march out againſt *Cleomenes*, but ſtood fix'd to the Deſigns which he had laid: *Cleomenes* in the mean time brought his Army up to the very Walls, and having uncontroul'dly ſpoil'd the Countrey, and inſulted o'er his Enemies, drew off again. A little while after being advertis'd that *Antigonus* deſign'd for *Tegea*, and thence to make an Incurſion into *Laconia*, he haſtily march'd with his Army another way, and appear'd early in the morning before *Argos*, and waſted the Fields about it: the Corn he did not cut down with Reaping-hooks and Scythes, as Men uſually do, but beat it down with Staves made like Scymetars, as if with a great deal of Contempt and wanton Scorn he ſpoil'd the Fields, and waſted the Country in his march; yet when his Soldiers would have ſet *Cyllabris*, the School of Exerciſe on Fire, he hindred the Attempt, reflecting upon ſerious conſideration, that the Outrages committed at *Megalopolis*, were the effects of his Paſſion rather than his Wiſdom. He pretended to make ſuch little account of, and ſo much to deſpiſe *Antigonus*, who firſt retir'd to *Argos*, and afterward plac'd Gariſons on all the Mountains round about, that he ſent a Trumpeter to deſire the Keys of *Heræum*, (*Juno*'s Temple) that he might ſacrifice to the Goddeſs. Thus with a Scoff and bitter Reflection on *Antigonus*, and having ſacrific'd to the Goddeſs, under the Walls of the Temple, which was ſhut, he march'd to *Phlius*; and from thence driving out thoſe that Gariſon'd *Hologountum*, he march'd down to *Orchomenum*. And theſe Enterprizes not only encourag'd the

Citizens, but made him appear to the very Enemies to be an experienc'd Captain, and very worthy of Command: for with the Strength of one City, not only to fight the Power of the *Macedonians*, and all the *Peloponnesians*; not only to preserve *Laconia* from being spoil'd, but to waste the Enemies Country, and to take so many and such considerable Cities, is an Argument of no common Bravery. He that first said, *That Money was the Sinews of Affairs*, seem'd chiefly in that Saying to respect War: And *Demades*, when the *Athenians* had voted that a Navy should be made ready, but had no Money, said, *They should make Bread before they thought of Sailing*. And the old *Archidamus*, in the beginning of the *Peloponnesian* War, when the Allies desir'd, that each Parties share of Contributions for the War should be determin'd, is reported to have said, *War cannot be kept to a set Diet*: For as well breath'd Wrestlers do in time weary and tire out the most active and most skilful Combitant; so *Antigonus* coming to the War with a great stock of Wealth, weary'd out *Cleomenes*, whose Poverty made it difficult for him either to provide Pay for the Mercenaries, or Provisions for the Citizens. For in all other Respects the Time favour'd *Cleomenes*; for *Antigonus*'s Affairs at home began to be disturb'd: for the *Barbarians* wasted and over-ran *Macedonia* whilst he was absent; and at that time a vast Army of the *Illyrians* came down: to be freed from whose Outrages, the *Macedonians* sent for *Antigonus*, and the Letters had almost been brought to him before the Battel was fought; upon the receipt of which he presently dislodg'd, and left the *Achæans* Affairs to themselves. But Fortune, that loves to determine the greatest Affairs by a Minute, in this Conjuncture shew'd such an exact niceness of Time, that immediately after the Battle in *Sellasia* was over, and *Cleomenes* had lost his Army and his City, the Messengers reach'd *Antigonus*. And this made *Cleomenes*'s Misfortune more to be pitied; for if he had forborn fighting two days longer, there had been no need of hazarding a Battle, since upon the departure of the *Macedonians*, he might have had what Conditions he pleas'd from the *Achæans*. But now (as I hinted before) for want of Money, being necessitated to rely wholly on his Arms, he was forc'd with 20000 (this is *Polybius*'s Account) to engage thirty thousand; and approving himself an excellent Commander in this Difficulty,

culty, his Citizens ſhowing an extraordinary Courage, and his Mercenaries Bravery enough; he was over-born by the different way of fighting, and the weight of the arm'd *Phalanx*. Beſides, *Phylarchus* affirms, that the Treachery of ſome about him was the chief Cauſe of *Cleomene*'s Ruine. For *Antigonus* gave Orders, that the *Illyrians* and *Acharnanians* ſhould march round by a ſecret way, and encompaſs the other Wing which *Eucleidas*, *Cleomenes*'s Brother Commanded; and then drew out the reſt of his Forces to the Battel. And *Cleomenes*, from a convenient Riſing, viewing his Order, and not ſeeing any of the *Illyrians* and *Acharnanians*, began to ſuſpect that *Antigonus* had ſent them upon ſome ſuch Deſign; and calling for *Damoteles*, who was to inſpect and to provide againſt Ambuſhes, commanded him carefully to look after, and diſcover the Enemies Deſigns upon his Rear.

But *Damoteles* (for ſome ſay *Antigonus* had brib'd him) telling him that he ſhould not be ſolicitous about that matter, for all was well enough, but mind, and fight thoſe that met him in the Front. He was ſatisfied, and advanc'd againſt *Antigonus*; and by the vigorous Charge of his *Spartans*, made the *Macedonian Phalanx* give ground, and preſs'd upon them with great Advantage about halfe a Mile; but then making a ſtand, and ſeeing the danger which the ſurrounded Wing commanded by his Brother *Eucleidas* was in, he cry'd out, *Thou art loſt, dear Brother, thou art loſt, thou brave example to our* Spartan *Youth, and Theme of our Matron's Songs.*

Eucleidas's Wing being thus cut in pieces, and the Conquerors from that part falling upon his Battle, he perceiv'd his Soldiers to be diſorder'd, and unable to maintain the Fight, and therefore provided for his own ſafety. When he came into the City, he adviſed thoſe Citizens that he met, to receive *Antigonus*; and as for himſelf, he ſaid, which ſhould appear moſt advantageous to *Sparta*, whether his Life or Death, that he would chuſe. Seeing the Women running out to thoſe that fled with him, taking their Arms, and bring Drinking to them, he entred into his own Houſe, and his Servant, which was a Free-born Woman, taken from *Megalopolis* after his Wife's Death, offering, as ſhe us'd to do, to make neceſſary Proviſion for him returning from the Battle; thô he was very thirſty, he refus'd to drink, and thô very weary, to ſit down; but Arm'd as he was, he clapt his Arm ſide-way to a Pillar, and leaning his Forehead upon his Elbow, he reſted his Body a little while, and ran over in his Thoughts what courſe he ſhould take, and then

with

with his Friends went presently to *Gythium*; where finding Ships fitted for the purpose, they embark'd. *Antigonus* taking the City, Treated the *Lacedemonians* courteously, and neither affronting, nor ruining the Dignity of *Sparta*, but permitting them to enjoy their own Laws and Polity, and sacrificing to the Gods, dislodg'd the the third day: for he heard that there was a great War kindled in *Macedonia*, and that the Country was spoil'd by the *Barbarians*; besides, he grew sick of a Consumption and continual Defluxion on the Lungs, yet he still kept up that he might return and free his own Country, and fall more Gloriously upon an heap of slaughter'd *Barbarians*. As *Phylarchus* says, and 'tis probable, he broke a Vein by shouting in the Battle. In the Plays 'twas said, that after the Victory he cry'd out for Joy, *O fine Day!* and presently bringing up abundance of Blood, fell into a Fever, and dy'd in a short time. And thus much concerning *Antigonus*.

Cleomenes sailing from *Cythera*, touch'd at another Island call'd *Ægyalia*, whence, as he was about to depart from *Cyrene*, one of his Friends, *Therycion* by name, a Man of an haughty Spirit in all Enterprizes, and high and boasting in his Talk, came privately to him, and said thus; *Sir, Death in Battel, which is the most Glorious, we have let go; though all heard us say, that* Antigonus *should never tread over the King of* Sparta, *unless dead: And now, that which is next in Bravery and Glory, is presented to us. Whither do we madly sail, flying that which is near, and seeking that which is far removed? For if it is not dishonourable for the Race of* Hercules, *to serve the Successors of* Philip *and* Alexander, *we shall save a long Voyage by delivering our selves up to* Antigonus, *who probably surpasseth* Ptolomy *as much as the* Macedonians *do the* Ægyptians; *but if we think it mean to submit to those whose Arms have conquer'd us, why should we chuse him for our Lord by whom we have not yet been beaten? Is it that instead of one we might appear meaner than two, whilst we fly* Antigonus, *and flatter* Ptolemy? *Or, is it for your Mothers sake that you retreat to* Ægypt? *It will indeed be a very fine, and very desirable sight for her to be shown her Son by* Ptolemy's *Women, now chang'd from a Prince into an Exile and a Slave. Are we not still Masters of our own Swords? And whilst we have* Laconia *in view, shall we not here free our selves from this disgraceful Misery, and clear our selves to those, who at* Sellasia *dy'd for the Honour and Defence of* Sparta? *Or, shall we sit lazily in* Ægypt *enquiring what News from* Sparta? *and whom* Antigonus *hath been pleas'd to make Governor of* Lacedemon? Thus spoke *Therycion*; and this

this was *Cleomenes*'s Reply; *By seeking Death, you Coward, the most easie, and most ready Refuge, you fancy that you shall appear courageous and brave, though this Flight is baser than thy former. Better Men than we have given way to their Enemies, having been betray'd by Fortune, or oppress'd by Multitude; but he that sinks under Labour or Afflictions, the Opinions or Reproaches of Men, is overcome by his own Effeminacy and Softness: For a voluntary Death ought not to be chosen as a Relief from Action, but an Exemplary Action it self; and 'tis base either to live or die only to our selves. That Death to which you now invite us, I propos'd only as a Release from our present Miseries, but carries nothing of Bravery or Profit in it. And I think it becomes both me and you not to despair of our Country; but when there are no hopes of that left, those that have an Inclination may quickly die.* To this *Therycion* return'd no Answer; but as soon as he could get out of *Cleomenes*'s Company, went toward the Shore, and ran himself through. But *Cleomenes* sailed from *Ægialia*, landed in *Lybia*, and being honourably conducted through the King's Country, came to *Alexandria*. When he was first brought to *Ptolomy*, no more than common Civilities, and usual Ceremonies were paid him; but when, upon tryal, he found him a Man of deep Sense, and great Reason, and that his plain *Laconick* way of Conversation carried a free Pleasantness with it, that he did nothing unbecoming the greatness of his Birth, nor bent under Fortune, and appear'd a more faithful Counsellor, than those who made it their business to please and flatter; he was asham'd, and repented that he had neglected so great a Man, and suffer'd *Antigonus* to get so much Power and Reputation by ruining him. Therefore he heap'd up Honours and Kindnesses on *Cleomenes*, and gave him Hopes that he would furnish him with an Army and a Navy to recover *Greece*, and reinstate him in his Throne. Besides, he allow'd him a yearly Pension of four and twenty Tallents; a little part of which Sum supplied his and his Friends thrifty Temperance; and the rest was imploy'd in doing good Offices to, and in relieving the Necessities of those that fled *Greece*, and retir'd into *Ægypt*.

But the elder *Ptolomy* dying before *Cleomenes*'s Affairs had receiv'd a full Dispatch, and the Successor being a loose, voluptuous and effeminate Prince, under the power of his Pleasures and his Women, his Business was neglected: for the King was so besotted with his Women and his Wine, that Balls, Musick and Dancing, were the only Employments of his most busie and seri-

ous

ous hours, and the greateſt Affairs of State were manag'd by *Agathoclea* the King's Miſtreſs, her Mother, and the Pimp *Oinanthes*. Therefore at the firſt they ſeem'd to ſtand in need of *Cleomenes*; for *Ptolemy* being afraid of his Brother *Magas*, who by his Mother's means had a great Intereſt among the Soldiers, took *Cleomenes* into his Cabinet-Council, and acquainted him with the Deſign of taking off his Brother. He, though all were for it, declar'd his opinion to the contrary, ſaying, *The King, if it were poſſible, ſhould have more Brothers for the better ſecurity and management of his Affairs:* And *Soſibius*, the greateſt Favourite, replying, *That they were not ſecure of the Mercenaries whilſt* Magas *was alive?* *Cleomenes* return'd, *That he need not trouble himſelf about that Matter; for amongſt the Mercenaries there were above* 3000 Peloponneſians, *who were his faſt Friends, and whom he could command at any time with his Nod.* This Diſcourſe made *Cleomenes* for the preſent to be look'd upon as a Man of Integrity and Power; but afterwards (*Ptolomy*'s Weakneſs increaſing his Fear, and, as it uſually happens, where there is no Judgment and Wiſdom at the bottom, placing his Security in Jealouſie and Suſpicion) rendred *Cleomenes* ſuſpected to the Courtiers, as having too much Intereſt with the Mercenaries; and many had this Saying in their Mouths, *That he was a Lion midſt a flock of Sheep*; for ſuch he ſeem'd to be in the Court, ſlyly overlooking and taking notice of the management of Affairs; therefore when he deſir'd a Navy and an Army from the King, his Petition was rejected. But when he underſtood that *Antigonus* was dead, that the *Achaians* were engag'd in a War with the *Ætolians*, and that the Affairs of *Pelepponneſus*, being now in very great Diſtraction and Diſtreſs, requir'd and invited his Aſſiſtance, he deſir'd leave to depart only with his Friends, but could not obtain that, the King not ſo much as hearing his Petition, being ſhut up amongſt his Women, and waſting his Hours in Debauchery and Frolicks. But *Soſibius*, the chief Miniſter of State, thought that *Cleomones* being detain'd againſt his will, would grow ungovernable and dangerous, and yet that it was not ſafe to let him go, being an aſpiring, daring Man, and well acquainted with the Diſeaſes and Weakneſs of the Kingdom; for no Preſents, no Gifts, could win him to a Complyance. But as the Ox *Apis*, though revelling in all poſſible plenty and delight, yet deſires to live as nature would provide for him, to be at liberty, and friſk about the Fields, and can ſcarce endure to be under the Prieſts keeping; ſo he could not brook their Courtſhip, and tender Entertainment, but like *Achilles*, *Whilſt*

Whilſt theſe, his heart did waſte with ſecret grief,
And he was eager for the noiſy Wars.

His Affairs ſtanding in this condition, *Nicagoras* the *Meſſenian* came to *Alexandria*, a Man that deeply hated *Cleomenes*, yet pretended to be his Friend; for he had formerly ſold *Cleomenes* a fair Eſtate, but never receiv'd the Money, becauſe *Cleomenes* was either unable, (as it may be) or elſe, by reaſon of his engagement in the Wars and other Diſtractions, had no time to pay him. *Cleomenes* ſeeing him landing, (for he was then walking upon the Key) kindly ſaluted him, and ask'd, *What Buſineſs brought to Ægypt?* *Nicagoras* return'd his Compliment, and told him, *That he came to bring ſome excellent War-horſes to the King.* And *Cleomenes* with a Smile ſubjoyn'd, *I wiſh you had rather brought Pimps, Whores, and Pathicks; for thoſe now are the King's chief Delight.* *Nicagoras* at the preſent ſmil'd at the Conceit; but a few days after he put *Cleomenes* in mind of the Eſtate that he had bought of him, and deſir'd his Money, proteſting that he would not have troubled him, if his Merchandize had turned to that Account, which he thought it would. *Cleomenes* reply'd, That he had not a penny left of all that had been given him: At which Anſwer *Nicagoras* being nettled, told *Sofibius Cleomenes*'s Scoff upon the King. He careſs'd him for the Diſcovery, but deſiring to have ſome greater Reaſon to excite the King againſt *Cleomenes*, perſuaded *Nicagoras* to leave a Letter written againſt *Cleomenes*, importing that he had a Deſign, if he could have gotten Ships and Soldiers, to ſurprize *Cyrene*: *Nicagoras* wrote ſuch a Letter, and left *Ægypt*. Four days after *Sofibius* brought the Letter to *Ptolomy*, pretending it was juſt then deliver'd him, and with a bitter Invective excited the Fury of the Youth; upon this it was agreed, that *Cleomenes* ſhould be invited into a large Apartment, and treated as formerly, but not ſuffer'd to go out again: this Uſage was grievous to *Cleomenes*, and by this unlucky Accident, his Hopes for the future ſeem'd to be quite daſh'd. *Ptolomy*, the Son of *Chryſermas*, a Favourite of the Kings, always carried himſelf fairly towards *Cleomenes*; they contracted a near Acquaintance, and would talk freely together about the State. He upon *Cleomenes*'s Deſire came to him, had ſome Diſcourſe with him, upon a few and inconſiderable Subjects, to avoid ſuſpicion, and made ſome Excuſes for the King; but as he went out again, not knowing that *Cleomenes* follow'd him to the Door, he very ſe-

verely reprimanded the Keepers, for their Careleſsneſs in looking after ſo great and ſo furious a wild Beaſt. This *Cleomenes* himſelf heard, and retiring before *Ptolomy* perceiv'd it, told his Friends what he had heard. Upon this they caſt off all their former Hopes, and determin'd for violent Proceedings, reſolving to be reveng'd on *Ptolomy* for his baſe and unjuſt Dealing, to have ſatisfaction for the Affronts, to die as it became *Spartans*, and not ſtay till, like fatted Sacrifices, they were Butcher'd: for 'twas both grievous and diſhonourable for *Cleomenes*, who had ſcorn'd to come to Terms with *Antigonus*, a brave Warrior, and a Man of Action, to wait an effeminate King's leiſure, till he ſhould lay aſide his Fiddle, and end his Dance, and then kill him. Theſe Courſes being reſolv'd on, and *Ptolomy* happning at the ſame time to make a Progreſs to *Canopus*, they firſt ſpread abroad a Report, that his Freedom was order'd by the King; and it being the King's cuſtom, to ſend Preſents and an Entertainment to thoſe whom he would free, *Cleomenes* Friends made that Proviſion, and ſent it into the Priſon, thereby deceiving the Keepers, who thought it had been ſent by the King; for he ſacrific'd, and gave them large Portions, and with a Crown upon his Head feaſted and made merry with his Friends: 'tis ſaid, that he began the Action ſooner than he deſign'd, having underſtood that a Servant of one of the Accomplices lay abroad with a Miſtreſs that he lov'd. This made him afraid of a Diſcovery; and therefore as ſoon as it was full Noon, and all the Keepers drunk and faſt aſleep, he put on his Coat, and opening the Seam on his right Shoulder, with his drawn Sword in his hand he iſſued forth, together with his Friends, provided in the ſame manner, making 13 in all. One of them, by Name *Hippotas*, was lame, he follow'd the firſt Onſet very well; but when afterward he perceiv'd that they were more ſlow in their Advances for his ſake, he deſir'd them to run him through, and not ruine their Enterprize, by ſtaying for an uſeleſs, unprofitable Man. By chance an *Alexandrian* was then riding by the Door, him they threw off, and ſetting *Hippotas* on Horſeback, ran through the narrow Lanes, and proclaim'd Liberty to the People; but they, it ſeems, had Courage enough to praiſe and admire *Cleomenes*'s Daring, but not one had the heart to follow and aſſiſt him. Three of them fell on *Ptolomy*, the Son of *Chryſermas*, as he was coming out of the Palace, and kill'd him: Another *Ptolemy*, the Lieutenant of the City, advancing againſt them in a Chariot, they ſet upon

upon, diſpers'd his Guards and Attendants, and pulling him out of the Chariot, kill'd him upon the place. Then they made toward the Caſtle, deſigning to break open the Priſon, and take the Priſoners to their Aſſiſtance; but the Keepers were too quick for them, and ſecur'd the Paſſages. Being baffled in this attempt, *Cleomenes* with his Company roam'd about the City, none joyning with him, but all retreating from, and flying his approach: therefore deſpairing of Succeſs, and ſaying to his Friends, That it was no wonder that Women rul'd o'er thoſe Men that fled Liberty, he excited them all to dye as bravely as became his Followers, and Men of their Glorious performances. This ſaid, *Hippotas* was firſt, as he deſir'd, run through by one of the young Men, and then each of them readily and reſolutely fell upon his own Sword, except *Panteus*, that *Panteus* that firſt ſurpriz'd *Megalopolis*. This Man being a very handſom Perſon, and a better Companion than any of the Youth, the King lov'd, and bade him, when he had ſeen him and the reſt fall'n, dye, by their Example. *Panteus* walk'd over them as they lay, and prick'd every one with his Dagger, to try whether any was alive; when he prick'd *Cleomenes* in the Leg, and ſaw him turn upon his Back, he kiſs'd him, ſate down by him, and when he was quite dead, cover'd his Carkaſs, and then kill'd himſelf upon his Body.

Thus fell *Cleomenes*, that great, brave Man, after he had been king of *Sparta* ſixteen Years. The news of their Fall being noiſ'd through the City, *Cratefilea*, though a Woman of a great Spirit, could not bear up againſt the inſupportable weight of this Affliction; but embracing *Cleomenes*'s Children, made grievous Lamentations; but the eldeſt Boy, none ſuſpecting ſuch a Spirit in a Child, threw himſelf headlong from the top of the Houſe; he was bruiſ'd very much, but not kill'd by the Fall, and was taken up crying, and expreſſing his Reſentments for not being permitted to deſtroy himſelf. *Ptolomy*, as ſoon as an account of the Action was brought him, gave order that *Cleomenes*'s Body ſhould be Flea'd and hung up; that his Children, Mother, and the Women that were with her, ſhould be kill'd. Amongſt thoſe was *Panteus*'s Wife, a very fair Woman, and of a ſtately Carriage, who had been but newly Married, and ſuffer'd theſe diſaſters in the height of her Love. Her Parents would not let her embark with *Panteus* preſently after they were Married, though ſhe eagerly deſir'd it, but

but shut her up, and kept her by violence at home; yet a few days after she got a Horse and a little Money, and escaping by Night, made speed to *Tenarus*, where she embark'd for *Ægypt*, came to her Husband, and with him cheerfully endur'd to live in a Foreign Country. She led *Crateſiclea* as she was going with the Soldiers to Execution, held up her Train, and begg'd her to be courageous, who of her self was not in the least afraid of Death, and desir'd nothing else, but only to be kill'd before the Children. When they were come to the place of Execution, the Children were first kill'd before *Crateſiclea*'s Eyes, and afterward she her self, with only these words in her Mouth; *O Children, whither are you gone?* But *Panteus*'s Wife girding her Garments close to her, and being a strong Woman, without any Noise or Lamentation, lookt after every one that was slain, and wound them up as well as her present Circumstances would permit; and after all, were kill'd, dressing her self, bound her Cloaths close about her, and suffering none to come near, or be an Eye-witness of her Fall, beside the Executioner, she courageously submitted to the stroak, and wanted no body to look after her, or wind her up after she was dead. Thus in her Death the Modesty of her Mind appear'd, and set the Guard upon her Body, which she always kept when alive: And she in the declining Age of the *Spartans* shew'd, That Women were no unequal Rivals of the Men, and was an Instance of such a Courage as would not sneak to the Affronts of Fortune. A few days after, those that watch'd the hanging Body of *Cleomenes*, saw a very great Snake winding about his Head, and covering his Face, so that no Bird of Prey should fly at it. This made the King superstitiously afraid, and set the Women upon several Lustrations, as if he had been an extraordinary Man, and one belov'd by the Gods that had been slain. And the *Alexandrians* made Procession to the Place, and gave *Cleomenes* the Title of *Heroe*, and Son of the Gods, till the Philosophers satisfied them, by saying, That, *as Oxen breed Bees, putrifying Horses breed Hornets, and Beetles rise from the Carkasses of dead Asses, so the Humours and Juices of the Marrow of a Man's Body coagulating, produce Serpents.* And this the Ancients observing, appropriated a Serpent rather than any other Creature to Heroe's.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. MOUNTFORT.

I Think or hope, at leaſt, the Coaſt is clear,
That none but Men of Wit and Sence are here:
That our Bear-Garden Friends are all away,
Who bounce with Hands and Feet, and cry Play, Play.
Who to ſave Coach-hire, trudge along the Street,
Then print our Matted Seats with dirty Feet;
Who, while we ſpeak, make Love to Orange-Wenches,
And between Acts ſtand ſtrutting on the Benches:
Where got a Cock-horſe, making vile Grimaces,
They to the Boxes ſhow their Booby Faces.
A Merry-Andrew, ſuch a Mob will ſerve,
And treat 'em with ſuch Wit as they deſerve:
Let 'em go People Ireland, *where there's need*
Of ſuch new Planters to repair the Breed;
Or to Virginia *or* Jamaica *Steer,*
But have a care of ſome French *Privateer;*
For if they ſhould become the Prize of Battle,
They'll take 'em Black and White for Iriſh *Cattle.*
Ariſe true Judges in your own Defence,
Controul thoſe Foplings, and declare for Sence:
For ſhould the Fools prevail, they ſtop not there,
But make their next Deſcent upon the Fair.
Then riſe ye Fair; for it concerns you moſt,
That Fools no longer ſhould your Favours boaſt;
'Tis time you ſhould renounce 'em, for we find
They plead a ſenſeleſs Claim to Woman kind:

Such

Such Squires are only fit for Country Towns,
To ſtink of Ale; and duſt a Stand with Clownes:
Who, to be choſen for the Lands Protectors,
Tope and get Drunk before their Wiſe Electors.
Let not Farce Lovers your weak Choice upbraid,
But turn 'em over to the Chamber-maid.
Or if they come to ſee our Tragick Scenes,
Inſtruct them what a Spartan *Hero means:*
Teach 'em how manly Paſſions ought to move,
For ſuch as cannot Think can never Love:
And ſince they needs will judge the Poets Art,
Point 'em with Feſcu's to each ſhining Part.
Our Author hopes in you, but ſtill in pain,
He fears your Charms will be employ'd in vain;
You can make Fools of Wits, we find each Hour,
But to make Wits of Fools, is paſt your Power.

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THis Day, the Poet bloodily inclin'd,
Has made me die, full ſore againſt my Mind!
Some of you naughty Men, I fear, will cry,
Poor Rogue! would I might teach thee how to die!
Thanks for your Love; but I ſincerely ſay,
I never mean to die, your wicked way.
Well, ſince it is Decreed all Fleſh muſt go,
(And I am Fleſh, at leaſt for ought you know;)

I firſt declare, I die with pious Mind,
In perfect Charity with all Mankind.
Next for my Will: —I have, in my diſpoſe,
Some certain Moveables would pleaſe you Beaux;
As, firſt, my Youth; for as I have been told,
Some of you, modiſh Sparks, are dev'liſh old.
My Chaſtity I need not leave among yee:
For to ſuſpect old Fops, were much to wrong ye.
You ſwear y'are Simers; but for all your haſte,
Your Miſſes ſhake their Heads, and find you chaſte.
I give my Courage to thoſe bold Commanders
That ſtay with us, and dare not go for Flanders.
I leave my Truth, (to make his Plot more clear,)
To Mr. Fuller, *when he next ſhall ſwear.*
I give my Judgment, craving all your Mercyes,
To thoſe that leave good Plays, for damn'd dull Farces.
My ſmall Devotion let the Gallants ſhare
That come to ogle us at Evening Pray'r.
I give my Perſon——let me well conſider,
Faith e'en to him that is the faireſt Bidder.
To ſome rich Hunks, if any be ſo bold
To ſay thoſe dreadful Words, To have and hold.
But ſtay—— to give, and be bequeathing ſtill,
When I'm ſo poor, is juſt like Wickham's *Will:*
Like that notorious Cheat, vaſt Sums I give,
Only that you may keep me while I live.
Buy a good Bargain, Gallants, while you may,
I'll coſt you but your Half-a-Crown a day.

Perſons

Perſons Repreſented.

Cleomenes, *King of* Sparta.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Cleonidas, *his Son by his firſt Wife,*	Mr. *Lee.*
Ptolomy *King of* Egypt.	Mr. *Alexander.*
Soſybius, *his Miniſter of State.*	Mr. *Sandford.*
Cleanthes, *Son to* Soſybius, *Friend to* Cleomenes, *Captain of* Ptolomy's *Guard.*	Mr. *Mountford.*
Pantheus, *a Noble* Spartan, *the Favourite of* Cleomenes.	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Cœnus, *a* Meſſenian *Lord.*	Mr. *Hudſon.*
Cratiſiclæa, *Mother to* Cleomenes.	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Cleora, Cleomenes's *Second Wife.*	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Caſſandra, *Miſtreſs to* Ptolomy.	Mrs. *Barry.*

Prieſts of Apis. *A* Mariner. Egyptians. Guards.

CLEOMENES

THE

Spartan-Heroe.

A TRAGEDY.

Act I. Scene I.

SCENE, *The Sea-Port of* Alexandria.

Cleomenes *ſolus.*

Cleom. DEjected! no, it never ſhall be ſaid,
That Fate had power upon a Spartan Soul:
My mind on its own Centre ſtands unmov'd,
And Stable; as the Fabrick of the World:
Propt on it ſelf; ſtill I am *Cleomenes*:
I fought the Battle bravely, which I Loſt;
And loſt it, but to *Macedonians*,
The Succeſſors of thoſe who Conquer'd *Aſia*.
'Twas for a Cauſe too, ſuch a Cauſe I fought,
Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword:
Greece, like a lovely Heifer, ſtood in view,
To ſee the Rival Bulls each other gore:
But wiſh'd the Conqueſt mine.
I fled; and yet I languiſh not in Exile;

But here in *Egypt*, whet my Blunted Horns;
And meditate new Fights, and chew my Loſs.
Ah! why ye Gods, muſt *Cleomenes* wait
On this Effeminate Luxurious Court,
For tardy helps of baſe Egytian Bands?
Why have not I, whoſe individual mind
Would ask a Nation of ſuch Souls t'inform it,
Why have not I ten Thouſand hands to fight
It all my ſelf? and make the Work my own?

Enter Cratiſiclea, Cleora, Cleonidas.

Cratis. Is this well done? or like the King of *Sparta*?
Or like my Son? to waſte your time in Tears?
What have you done, that you avoid Mankind?
And ſculk in Corners like a Guilty Slave?
Cleor. We have been ſeeking you, my deareſt Lord,
Thro' all the ſhady Walks and dark Retreats
Of Secret Care; That falſe deluding Friend,
That only ſooths and keeps you Company,
To prey upon your laſt remains of Life.
Cleom. I've heard you —— [*Sighs.*
Cratis. Hear her ſtill; She tells you true.
This Melancholly Flatters; but Unmans you.
What is it elſe, but Penury of Soul;
A Lazie Froſt, a numneſs of the Mind;
That Locks up all the Vigour to Attempt,
By barely Crying, 'tis Impoſſible?
Cleom. You both miſtake me: That I Grieve, 'tis true:
But 'tis a Grief of Fury; not Deſpair!
And if a manly drop or Two fall down,
It ſcalds along my Cheeks, like the Green Wood
That ſputtring in the Flame works outward into Tears.
Cleor. Why would you leave me then, and be alone?
Indeed it was a Churliſh kind of ſorrow;
Indeed it was, t'engroſs it all your ſelf;
And not permit me to endure my ſhare.
Think you, becauſe I am of tender Mould,

I can

I cannot ſuffer and partake your burdens;
Alas! I ſuffer more by not partaking
Cleom. My Wife! My Mother! O! I am ſo divided,
That I grieve moſt for both, and love both moſt;
Two twining Vines about this Elm, whoſe fall
Muſt ſhortly—Very ſhortly cruſh you both,
And yet I will not go to Ground,
Without a Noble Ruine round my Trunk;
The Foreſt ſhall be ſhaken when I ſink,
And all the neighboring Trees
Shall groan and fall beneath my vaſt Deſtruction.
Cratiſ. That's ſomething yet, an earneſt of an Action;
Another Groan or two, and all goes well.
Cleom. Well: I will live.
Cratiſ. Thou ſhalt.
Cleom. I'le try at leaſt.
Cratiſ. Do not go back: and bate of what thou ſaidſt
Cleon. Peace, peace: good Grandmother; he lives already,
And Conquers too, in ſaying he will try;
Nay, if the King of *Sparta* ſays he'll do't,
I ask no more then that;
For 'tis below a King to tell a Lye.
Cleor. But where's the means?
Cleon. The means is in the daring;
Had my own Mother liv'd, and ask'd that Queſtion
I ſhould have thought my Father had begot me,
Without her help, as *Pallas* ſprung from *Jove.*
Cleor. Think'ſt thou, he can defend us all, alone?
Cleon. No —— for I mean to help him.
Cleom. That my Boy, my hopeful Lyons Whelp } *Takes him and*
Cleor. So *Hector* hugg'd his young *Aſtyanax*; } *kiſſes him.*
Went out to fight and never ſaw him more.
Cleon. But why did not *Aſtyanax* go with *Hector*?
Cratiſ. Becauſe he was a Child, and could not go.
Cleon. Was he a *Spartan* Child?
Cleor. Oh no! a *Trojan.*
Cleon. There's it, a Trojan Child: But grant me this,
There are no *Spartan*-Children we are born Men,

And tho' you ſay, I have but Fifteen years,
We *Spartans* take ten Strides before our Age,
And ſtart beyond dull Nature.

Cleom. Let me but live to ſhadow this young Plant,
From Blites and Storms; He'll ſoon ſhoot up a Heroe:
He muſt; I got him in the pride of Conqueſt;
For coming back from my firſt Maiden Battle,
Wherein I made the Great *Aratus* fly,
And added all his Laurels to my Brow,
I well remember that I ſpurr'd it hard,
And like a Meteor, ſhot before my Troops,
To reach my Love that night; I was a Bridegroom,
Or ſcarce had loſt that name, and ſtealing home,
According to my Countries modeſt uſe,
I found my *Ægiatis* juſt undreſt,
Wearying the gods with Vows for my return,
My Tranſport was ſo great, I could not ſtay,
But kiſs'd, and took her trembling in my Arms,
And in that Fury of my Love, I ſtampt,
This Image of my Soul.

Enter Pantheus.

What, my *Pantheus*?
Where haſt thou been this long long Year of Hours?

Panth. Where I have paſt a merry Mornings Walk,
With the beſt Company.

Cleom. With whom?

Panth. Why with my ſelf, in laughing at the World,
Making a Farce of Life, where Knaves and Fools,
And Mad-men, that's all Human-kind were Actors.

Cleom. And what part Acted you?

Panth. As little as I could: And daily would have leſs,
So pleaſe the Gods, for that's a Wiſe Man's part.

Cleom. Would I could ſhare thy Balmy, even Temper,
And Milkineſs of Blood.

Panth. You may.

Cleom. As how?

Panth.

Panth. By! but forgetting you have been a King.
Cleom. Then muſt I ruſt in *Ægypt*, never more
Appear in Arms, and be the Chief of *Greece*?
Now, by yon Blew Palace,
The Manſion of my great Fore-father *Hercules*
I would looſe o're-agen *Sellaſia*'s Field
Rather than Fight behind, when proud *Aratus* led the *Gracian* Van.
Cleon. What, when the lively Trumpets ſound a Charge,
The word of Battle may be *Hercules*,
And after our great Grandſires Name, *Aratus*
Cries *Cleomenes*, bring you up the Rear.
Panth. If Fortune takes not off this Boy betimes,
He'l make mad work, and Elbow all his Neighbors.
Cleon. My Neighbours! Little; Elbow all the World,
And puſh off Kings, like Counters from the Board,
To place my ſelf the foremoſt.
Panth. What wilt thou be, young Cockeril, when thy Spurs
Are grown to ſharpneſs?
Cleon. Why? I'll be a *Spartan*.
For if I ſaid a King, I ſhould ſay leſs:
I mean a *Spartan* while I live on Earth;
But when in Heaven, I'le ſtand next *Hercules*,
And thruſt between my Father and the God.
Cleo. Do you not view, my Lord?
As in a Glaſs, your Darling Fault, Ambition,
Reflected in your Son?
Cleom. My Virtue rather:
I love to ſee him ſparkle out betimes,
For 'twas my Flame that lighted up his Soul:
I am pleas'd with my own Work; *Jove* was not more
With Infant Nature, when his ſpatious Hand
Had rounded this huge ball of Earth, and Seas,
To give it the firſt puſh, and ſee it rowl
Along the vaſt Abyſs.
Cleon. My Mother would have had my Youth brought up
To Spin with Girls in *Sparta*.
Cratiſ. Well ſaid, my Boy; Yet *Hercules* they ſay
Took up the Diſtaff once.

Cleon.

Cleon. Yes, when he had been Conquer'd by a Woman.

Panth. } One thing I had forgot, which may import you,
to *Cleom.* } You'l ſuddainly hear news from *Greece.*

Cleom. Thou wert
Indeed forgetful, not to tell me that,
For, from my firſt arrival on this Coaſt,
This fatal *Ægypt*, where I fled for Refuge,
In three long Months I have not heard from *Greece.*
What makes thee think I ſhall have news ſo ſoon?

Panth. As walking on the Beach I ſaw a Ship
Juſt entring in the Port, and on the Deck
Stood *Cænus.*

Cleom. Cænus, ſaidſt thou?

Panth. Yes, our *Cænus*, the rich *Meſſenian* Lord;
I ſaw and knew him, but amidſt the ſhouts
Of Mariners, and buſie Care to ſling
His Horſes ſoon aſhore——He ſaw not me.

Cleom. Then I ſhall hear of thee once more, Dear Country;
I fear too ſoon; ſhall hear how proud *Antigonus*
Led o'er *Eurota's* Banks, his Conquering Troops
And firſt, to wondring *Sparta*——ſhew'd a King,
A King that was not Hers:
Then I ſhall hear of Sacriledge and Murthers,
And Fires, and Rapes on Matrons, and on Maids.

Panth. Such news we muſt expect.

Cleom. O happy Ghoſts!
Of thoſe that fell in the laſt fatal Fight,
And liv'd not to ſurvive their Countries Loſs;
Baſe as I was——I ſhould have fall'n there too;
But firſt have rais'd a Mountain of the Dead,
To choak their way to *Sparta.*

Panth. Thus I knew
Your Blood would boil, and therefore I delaid
So long to tell you *Cænus* was arriv'd.

Cleom. Go:
My Mother, my *Cleora*, and my Boy—— [*Stroking* Cleonid.
Your Ears would be polluted with ſuch Ills;

Which

Which I muſt try to mollify before
They reach your tender hearing.
Cleor. I Obey you.
But let not Grief diſorder you too much
For what you loſt.——
For me, while I have You, and you are kind,
I ask no more of Heaven.
Cleonid. I go too,
Becauſe my King and Father bids me go:
Elſe, I have ſternneſs in my Soul enough
To hear of Murders, Rapes, and Sacrilege:
For thoſe are Soldiers work; and I wou'd hear 'em
To ſpur me to Revenge.
[*Exeunt* Cratiſiclea, Cleora, Cleonidas.
Panth. He's here already.
Now bear it like your ſelf.
Cleom. I am arm'd againſt it.

Enter Cœnus, *Salutes* Cleomenes.

Cœnus. I heard, Sir, you were refug'd in this Court,
And come to beg a favour.
Cleom. Good! a Favour!
Sure, thou miſtak'ſt me for the King of *Egypt*;
And think'ſt I govern here?
Cœnus. Y'are *Cleomenes.*
Cleom. No thanks to Heaven for that: I ſhou'd have dy'd,
And then I had not been this *Cleomenes.*
Panth. You promis'd Patience, Sir.
Cleom. Thou art a Scurvy Monitor, I am Patient.
Do I foam at Lips;
Or ſtare at Eyes: Methinks I am wondrous Patient.
Now, thou ſhalt ſee how I can ſwallow Gall.
I prithee, Gentle *Cœnus*, tell the Story.— [*Speaking Softly.*
Of Ruin'd *Sparta*; leave no Circumſtance
Untold of all their Woes: And I will hear thee,
As unconcern'd, as if thou told'ſt a Tale
Of ruin'd Troy. I prithee tell us how

The

The Victors robb'd the Shrines, polluted Temples,
Ranſack'd each Wealthy Houſe: No, ſpare me that,
Poor honeſt *Sparta* had no Wealth to loſe.
But when thou com'ſt to tell of Matrons raviſh'd, { *Raiſes his*
And Virgins forc'd; Then raiſe thy Voice, { *Voice.*
And let me hear their Howlings,
And dreadful ſhrieks, as in the act of Rape.

Panth. Again you are diſtemper'd!

Cleom. ſoftly. Peace, I am not.
I was but teaching him to grace his Tale
With decent Horror.

Cænus. Your ſick Imagination feigns all this;
Now hear a truth, and wonder!

Cleom. Has not the Conqueror been at *Sparta*?

Cænus. Yes.

Cleom. Nay; then I know what follows Victory.

Panth. You interrupt as if you would not know.

Cænus. Then if you will Imagine, think ſome King,
Who lov'd his People, took a peaceful Progreſs
To ſome far diſtant place of his Dominions;
Smil'd on his Subjects as he rode in Triumph,
And ſtrew'd his Plenty, whereſoe'er he paſs'd.
Nay, raiſe your Thoughts yet higher. Think ſome Deity,
Some better *Ceres* drawn along the Sky,
By Gentle Dragons, ſcatter'd as ſhe flew,
Her fruitful Grains upon the teeming Ground,
And bad new Harveſts riſe.

Cleom. Do we Dream, *Pantheus*?

Panth. No ſure! We are awake——— but 'tis he Dreams.

Cænus. The Soldiers march'd, as in Proceſſion, ſlow;
And enter'd *Sparta* like a Choir of Prieſts,
As if they fear'd to tread on holy Ground.
No Noiſe was heard; no Voice, but of the Cryer,
Proclaiming Peace, and Liberty to *Sparta*;
At that a peal of loud applauſe rang out,
And thin'd the Air, till even the Birds fell down
Upon the Shouters Heads: The Shops flew open,
And all the buſie Trades renew'd their Tasks:

No

No Law was chang'd, no Cuſtom was controul'd;
That had *Lycurgus* liv'd, or you return'd,
So *Sparta* would have ſhown.
Panth. If this be true!
Cleom. If this indeed be true,
Then farewell *Sparta.*
Cænus. Hear me out.
He reap'd no fruit of Conqueſt, but their Bleſſings;
Nor ſtay'd three Days in *Sparta*; Summon'd thence,
With ſudden News that a Barbarian Hoſt,
Was enter'd *Macedonia*!
And like a Mighty Deluge, rowling on,
Swept all before 'em. Thus alarm'd, he left us;
March'd Homeward; Met and Fought 'em; Nay, and Liv'd
To ſay the Field is mine.
Panth. Dy'd of his Wounds?
Cænus. Not ſo; but ſtraining loud his feeble Voice,
To animate his Soldiers, broke a Vein;
And in a purple Vomit pour'd his Soul.
Panth. O Bleſs'd! Bleſs'd *Cænus*! for this happy News. } *Embraces*
Cleom. O Wretch! O Born to all misfortunes! Curſt, } Cœnus.
Curſt *Cleomenes*!
Panth. How's this! Are theſe the thanks you pay the Gods?
Who freed your *Sparta*, and remov'd by Death
Your only fatal Foe!
Cleom. O Blind *Pantheus*!
Can'ſt thou not find, that had I but defer'd
Sellaſia's Fight three Days; but three ſhort Days:
Fate then had fought my Battle with *Antigonus*;
And I not fighting had been ſtill a King.
Panth. That's true; but that you knew not when you fought.
Cleom. Why therefore, once again, Curſt *Cleomenes*!
'Tis not to be endur'd.
That Fate of Empires, and the fall of Kings
Should turn on flying Hours, and Catch of Moments.
Panth. Now, by my Soul, 'tis Lazy Wickedneſs,
To rail at Heaven, and not to help your ſelf.
Heaven's but too kind, in offring you the means:

Your Fate, once more, is laid upon the Anvil:
Now pluck up all the Spartan in your Soul;
Now ſtretch at every ſtroke and Hammer out,
A new and nobler Fortune;
Elſe may the Peaceful Ground reſtore the Dead,
And give up Old *Antigonus* again.

Cleom. I thank thee: Thou haſt added Flame to Fury.
The Spartan Genius ſhall once more be rowz'd;
Our Houſhold Gods, that droop upon our Hearths,
Each from his Venerable Face ſhall bruſh
The *Macedonian* Soot, and ſhine again.

Panth. Now you confeſs the *Spartan.*

Cleom. Haſte, *Pantheus*!
I ſtruggle like the Prieſteſs with a God;
With that oppreſſing God, that works her Soul.
Haſte to *Cleanthes*, my Egyptian Friend;
That only Man that *Egypt* ever made:
He's my *Lucina.* Say my Friendſhip wants him
To help me bring to light a Manly Birth;
Which to the wondring World I ſhall diſcloſe,
Or if he fail me, periſh in my Throwes. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Act II. Scene I.

Enter Cleomenes, Cleanthes, Pantheus.

Cleom. THe King ſent for me, ſay'ſt thou! and to Council!

Clean. And I was coming to you, on that Meſſage,
Juſt when I met *Pantheus.*

Panth. Good Omen, Sir, of ſome intended good,
Your Fortune mends: ſhe reconciles apace,
When *Ægypt* makes th'Advances.

Cleom. Riſe a Prophet.
For ſince his Fathers death, this *Ptolomey*,
Has minded me no more
Then Boys their laſt Years Gugaws.
Petition on Petition; Prayer on Prayer,
For Aid, or free Diſmiſſion, all Unanſwer'd; As

As *Cleomenes* were not worth his Thought,
Or He, that God, which *Epicurus* dreamt;
Diſclaiming Care, and lolling on a Cloud.
Panth. At length, it ſeems it pleaſes him to wake.
Cleanth. Yes, for himſelf, not you; he's drench'd too deep,
To wake on any Call, but his own danger:
My Father, his wiſe Pilot, has obſerv'd
The Face of Heaven, and ſees a gathering Storm,
I know not from what quarter, but it threatens.
And while it Threats, he wants ſuch hands as yours;
But when 'tis o're, the Thoughtleſs King returns,
To Native ſloth, ſhifts ſides, and ſlumbers on.
Panth. Sure, he'll remember to reward thoſe Hands,
That help'd him from the plunge.
Cleanth. You Dream, *Pantheus*!
Of former times, when Gratitude was Virtue;
Reward him! Yes, like *Æſop's* Snake, the wretch
That warm'd him in his Boſom: We are Tools,
Vile abject things created for his uſe,
As Beaſts for Men; as Oxen draw the Yoke,
And then are ſacrific'd.
Cleom. I would not uſe him ſo.
Cleanth. You are not *Ptolomy*,
Nor is He *Cleomenes*.
Cleom. I'll preſs him home,
To give me my diſpatch; few Ships will ſerve
To bear my little Band and me to *Greece*;
I will not ask him one of his Ægyptians;
No, Let 'em keep 'em all for Slaves and Stallions,
Fit only to beget their Succeſſors.
Cleanth. Excepting one Ægyptian, that's my ſelf.
Cleom. Thou need'ſt not be excepted; Thou art only,
Miſplanted in a baſe degenerate Soil;
But Nature when ſhe made thee, meant a *Spartan*.
Panth. Then if your Father will but ſecond us.——
Cleanth. I dare not promiſe for him, but I'll try,
He loves me, Love and Intereſt ſometimes
May make a Statesman honeſt.

Cleom. For the King,
I know he'l not refuſe us, for he dares not;
A Coward is the kindeſt Animal,
'Tis the moſt giving Creature in a fright.
Cleanth. Say the moſt promiſing, and there you hit him.
Cleom. Well, I'le attack him on the ſhaking ſide,
That next his fearful Heart.

Enter Cœnus.

Cœnus I come to mind you of the late Requeſt,
You would not hear: Be pleas'd t'engage this Lord
And then it may ſucceed.
Cleom. What wouldſt thou, *Cœnus?*
Cœnus. I brought along
Some Horſes of the beſt *Theſſalian* breed,
High ſpirited and ſtrong, and made for War;
Theſe I would ſell the King.
Cleom. Miſtaken Man:
Thou ſhouldſt have brought him Whores and Catamites;
Such Merchandize is fit for ſuch a Monarch.
Cleanth. Would'ſt thou bring Horſes here to ſhame our Men?
Thoſe very words of Spirited and War,
Are Treaſon in our Clime.
Cleom. From the King downward, (if there be a downward,
From *Ptolomy* to any of his Slaves!)
No true Ægyptian ever knew in Horſes
The Far Side from the Near.
Cleanth. Cleomenes told thee true: Thou ſhould have brought
A ſoft pad Strumpet for our Monarch's uſe,
Tho' thank'd be Hell, we want not one at home!
Our Maſter's Miſtriſs, ſhe that Governs all.
'Tis well ye Pow'rs, ye made us but Ægyptians,
You could not have impos'd
On any other People ſuch a Load
As an Effeminate Tyrant and a Woman.
Cleom. Sell me thy Horſes, and at my return,
When I have got from Conquer'd *Greece* the Pelf
That Noble *Sparta* ſcorns, I'll pay their value.

Cœnus

Cænus. Juſt as you paid me for the fair Eſtate
I ſold you there. [*aſide.*

Cleom. What's that you mutter?

Cænus aſide. } Nothing: That's what his Hopes are worth—*Ex.* Cæn.

Panth. I fear he's gone away diſſatisfy'd.

Cleanth. I'll make it up: Thoſe Horſes I preſent you,
You'll put 'em to the uſe that Nature meant 'em.

Cleom. I burden you too much!

Cleanth. If you refuſe, you burden me much more:
A Trifle this,
A ſinging Eunuch's price; A Pandar's Fee
Exceeds this Sum at Court.
The King expects us

Cleom. Come after us, *Pantheus*;
And bring my Boy *Cleonidas* along,
I'll ſhew his Youth this baſe Luxurious Court,
Juſt as in ſober *Sparta* we expoſe
Our drunken *Helotes*: Only with deſign
To wean our Children from the vice of Wine. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Apartment of* Caſſandra.

Enter King Ptolomey, Soſybius *with Papers after him.*

Ptolom. No more of Buſineſs.

Soſyb. Sir, the Council waits you!

Ptolom. Council! What's that? a pack of Bearded Slaves,
Grave Faces, Sawcy Tongues, and Knaviſh Hearts,
That never ſpeak one word but Self's at bottom;
The Scavengers that ſweep State-nuſances,
And are themſelves the greateſt. I'll no Council.

Soſyb. Remember you appointed them, this day.

Ptol. I had forgot, 'twas my *Caſſandra's* Birth-day.

Soſyb. Your Brother *Magas* daily grows more dangerous,
And has the Soldiers Hearts.

Ptol. I'll cut him off.

Sosyb. Not so soon done as said: The *Spartan* King
Was summon'd for Advice, and waits without.
Ptol. His Business is to wait.
Sosyb. Be pleas'd to Sign these Papers: They are all
Of great concern!
Ptol. My pleasure is of more.
How I! could curse my Name of *Ptolomy*:
For 'tis so long; it asks an Hour to write it;
By Heav'n, I'll change it into *Jove* or *Mars*!
Or any other civil Monosyllable,
That will not tire my Hand.
Sosyb. These are for Common Good. [*Shewing Papers.*
Ptol. I am glad of that:
Those shall be sure to wait.
Sosyb. Orders to pay the Soldiers, ripe for Mutiny;
They may Revolt.
Ptol. To whom?
Sosyb. The Man you fear:
Your Brother, *Magas.*
Ptol. That's indeed the danger:
Give me the Physick; Let me swallow quick——
There's *Ptolomy* for that; Now, not one more,
For every Minute I expect *Cassandra*
To call me to the Musick,
If she should find me at this rare Employment,
Of Signing out her Treasures?
Sosyb. The rest are only Grants to her you love,
And places for her Friends.
Ptol. I'll Sign 'em all; were every one a Province:
Thou know'st her Humor, not to brook denial!
And then a Quarrel on her Birth-day too
Would be of ill presage. [*Signs more Papers.*

Enter Cassandra, *Women.*

Cassand. I heard you waited, but you'll pardon me,
I was not sooner Dress't.
Ptol. Thus I begin my Homage to the Day [*Kisses her Hand.*
That

That brought me forth a Miſtriſs, and am proud
To be your foremoſt Slave.

Caſſand. Our little Entertainment waits; not worth
A longer Ceremony, pleaſe to Grace it?

The SCENE *opens and diſcovers* Caſſandra's *Apartment. Muſicians and Dancers*——Ptolomy *leads in* Caſſandra, Sofybius *follows*——*They Sit. Towards the end of the Song and Dance; Enter* Cleomenes *and* Cleanthes *on one ſide of the Stage, where they ſtand.*

SONG.

NO no, poor ſuff'ring Heart no Change endeavour,
Chooſe to ſuſtain the ſmart, rather than leave her;
My raviſh'd Eyes behold ſuch Charms about her,
I can dye with her, but not live without her.
One tender Sigh of hers to ſee me Languiſh,
Will more than pay the price of my paſt Anguiſh:
Beware O cruel Fair, how you ſmile on me,
'Twas a kind Look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in ſtore for me one happy Minute,
And She will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day void of Bliſs, or Pleaſure leaving,
Ages ſhall ſlide away without perceiving:
Cupid ſhall guard the Door the more to pleaſe us,
And keep out Time and Death when they would ſeize us:
Time and Death ſhall depart, and ſay in flying,
Love has found out a way to Live by Dying.

After the Muſick is over, Cleomenes *ſpeaks.*

Cleom. to *Cleanth.* Is this the Council of th' *Ægyptian* King?
And am I call'd upon the Grave Debate,
To judge of trilling Notes and tripping Feet?

Cleanth.

Cleanth. 'Tis of a piece with all the reſt of *Ptolomey*!
A Singing and a Dancing Government.
O *Ægypt*, *Ægypt*! Thou art grown the Lees
Of all the World; The ſlime of thy own Nyle.
Sure, we had neither Human Syres, nor Mothers;
The Sun and Nyle begot us; W'are ſo Cowardly,
And yet ſo proud; ſo many Gods we have,
And yet not One——

Cleom. No more---They ſeem to gaze on me with wonder.

Cleanth. And well they may to ſee a Man in *Ægypt*.

[*King*, Caſſand. Soſyb. *riſe and come forward.*

Ptol. Welcome! Royal Stranger!
Not only to my Court, but to my Boſom.

Cleom. I heard you ſent for me; but on what Buſineſs
Am yet to learn.

Ptol. The greateſt in the World: To ſee the Man,
Whom even his Foes extoll; His Friends adore,
And all Mankind admire.

Cleom. Say rather, Sir,
A Man forſaken of his better Stars,
A baniſh'd Prince; The ſhadow of a King.

Pto. My Fathers Friend.

Cleom. I muſt not think ſo vainly of my ſelf,
To be what you have ſaid, leſt it upbraid you,
To let your Fathers Friend, for three long Months,
Thus Dance attendance for a word of Audience.

Caſſand. Now by my Soul, 'tis nobly urg'd: He ſpeaks
As if he were in *Sparta*, on his Throne; [*aſide.*
Not asking Aid; but granting:
How little looks our Pageant Prince to him!
This is the only King I ever ſaw.

Cleom. By all the Gods; when I have ſtood repuls'd
Before your Gates, and could not gain admittance,
I have not Sigh'd ſo much for my own ſorrows,
As I have bluſh'd for your ungenerous Uſage.

Cleanth. Not a word, *Ptolomey*!
A ſham'd by all that's good to be miſcall'd
A King, when this is preſent.

Cleom.

Cleom. Think you 'tis nothing
For me to beg; That I conſtrain my Temper
To ſue for Aid, which you ſhould firſt have offer'd.
Believe me, *Ptolomey*, a Noble Soul
Does much that asks: He gives you pow'r t'oblige him.
Know, Sir, There's a proud Modeſty in merit,
Averſe from begging; and reſolv'd to pay
Ten times the Gift it asks.

Pto. I have been to blame;
And you have juſtly tax'd my long neglect.
I am Young, and am a Lover; and how far
Fair Eyes may make even Kings forgetful. Look,
And read my beſt Excuſe.

Cleanth. O Miracle! He bluſhes! [*Aſide.*
The firſt red Virtue I have ever ſeen
Upon that Face.

Caſſand. I am ſorry, Sir, y'have made me your Excuſe;
As if I ſtood betwixt the Good you meant;
And intercepted every Royal Grace.
Now in my own Defence I muſt ſolicite
All his concerns as mine:
And if my Eyes have pow'r, He ſhould not ſue
In vain, nor linger with a long delay.

Ptolo. Well! I'll conſider.

Caſſand. Say that word again;
And I'll conſider too.

Ptolo. Prithee be ſatisfy'd, He ſhall be aided,
Or I'll no more be King.

Cleanth. aſide. } When wert thou one? For ſhame, for ſhame ye Gods,
That e'er you put it in a Strumpets power,
To do ſo good a Deed!

Cleom. I am a *Spartan*, Madam, ſcarce of Words;
We have but juſt enough to ſpeak our Meaning.
Be thank'd; That's all I could have ſaid to *Jove*,
Had *Jove*, like you, reſtor'd me to my Crown.

Soſyb. to Cleom. } The Gods have giv'n you, Sir, the ſpeedy means
To ſatisfie your Debt of Gratitude.

Cleom. Oh make me happy: Tell me how this Sword

(This and my Heart are all that's left me now)
Can be Employ'd to ſerve the Crown of *Ægypt*.
Cleanth. aſide. } Well ſaid Father: Thou art a true Stateſman.
So much for ſo much, is the way at Court.
Soſyb. My King has in the Camp a Younger Brother,
Valiant they ſay, but very Popular;
He gets too far into the Soldiers Grace;
And Inches out my Maſter.
Cleom. Is the King
Aſſur'd of this, by any Overt-Act;
Or any cloſe Conſpiracy reveal'd?
Ptolo. He has it in his pow'r to be a Traytor;
And that's enough.
Soſyb. He has it in his will too:
Elſe why this Oſtentation of his Virtues,
His Bounty, Valour, and his Temperance?
Why are they thus expos'd to publick View?
But as a *Venus* ſet beſides a Monſter,
To make an Odious Compariſon;
As if his Brother wanted what he boaſts?
Ptolo. What's to be done with him?
Caſſand. There needs no more, I think, but to contrive,
With Secreſy, and Safety, to Diſpatch him.
Cleanth. aſide. } I thank thee, that thou haſt not Cozen'd me
In this Advice: For two good deeds together
Had been too much in Conſcience for thy calling.
Ptolo. He Dies, that's out of doubt.
Cleom. Your Brother, Sir!
Ptolo. Why do you ask that Queſtion?
Cleom. Becauſe I had a Brother;
(Oh grief to ſay I had, and have not now)
Wiſe, Valiant, Temperate; and in ſhort a *Spartan*!
Had all the Virtues, which your Counſellor
Imputed to your Brother, as his Crimes:
He Lov'd me well; ſo well, he could but die,
To ſhew he Lov'd me better than his Life:
He loſt it for me in *Sellaſia*'s Field;
And went the greateſt Ghoſt of all our name,
That ever had a Brother or a King.

Soſyb.

Sofyb. Wipe off the Tears, that ſtand upon your Eyes;
Good Nature works too far. Kings have no Brothers:
What Men call ſuch are Rivalls of their Crowns;
Yours tim'd his Death, ſo as to Merit Grief.
Who knows, but he laid in, by that laſt Action,
The means to have betray'd you, had he Liv'd.
Cleom. I would ſay ſomething: but I curb my paſſion,
Becauſe thou art the Father to my Friend.
To you, Sir, this; If you Condemn your Brother, [*To* Ptolo.
Only becauſe he's Bounteous, Great, and Brave;
Know you Condemn thoſe Virtues, own you want 'em.
Had you a Thouſand Brothers, ſuch as he,
You ought to ſhew you are above 'em all;
By daring to reward, and Cheriſh 'em,
As Bucklers of your Crown in time of War;
And in ſoft Peace, the Jewels that adorn it.
Caſſand. I ſtand Corrected, Sir, he ought to Live.
Ptolo. I think ſo too.
Sofyb. I do not wiſh his Death,
Howe're I ſeem'd to give that rugged Counſel.
Cleanth. aſide. } Well ſaid again Father! Comply, comply:
Follow the Sun, True Shadow.
Sofyb. I only wiſh my Maſter may be ſafe;
But there are Mercenaries in the Army,
Three thouſand *Greeks*, the Flower of all our Troops,
Like Wolves indeed among *Ægyptian* Lambs;
If theſe Revolt———(I do not ſay they will)
But if your Brother pleaſe to take the Crown:
And be not good enough to let you Reign,
Thoſe *Greeks* where e'er they go, will turn the Scale.
Ptol. What think you, *Cleomenes*?
Cleom. He ſays true.
Ptol. Then *Magas* muſt not live.
Cleom. That does not follow;
Fear not thoſe Mercenaries: They are mine;
Devoted to my Intereſt; Commanded by my Nod:
They are my Limbs of War, and I their Soul:

Were they in Arms againſt you at your Gates;
High in their Rage, and fix'd upon the Spoil,
Should I ſay, Hold; Nay, ſhould I only Frown,
They could not bear my Eyes, but Aw'd and Maſter'd,
Like Lions to their Keepers, would couch and fawn
And diſobey their Hunger.

Ptol. Wondrous Man! [*Embraces him.*
How I admire thy Virtue!

Caſſand. And his Genius;
Some are born Kings,
Made up of three parts Fire, ſo full of Heaven,
It ſparkles at their Eyes: Inferior Souls,
Know 'em as ſoon as ſeen, by ſure inſtinct,
To be their Lords, and naturally Worſhip
The ſecret God within 'em.

Soſyb. Sir, I humbly beg
A word in private ——— [to *Ptol.*

Ptol. Madam!

Caſſand. You may go.

Soſyb. Cleanthes, follow me. [*Ex.* Ptol. Soſyb. Cleanthes.

Enter Cleonidas.

Cleonid. Pantheus brought me hither to attend you,

Cleom. And thou art welcome, but thou com'ſt too late.

Caſſand. Your Page of Honour!

Cleonid. The miſtake is eaſie in ſuch a Courts as this,
Where Princes look like Pages.

Cleom. 'Tis my Son!

Caſſand. I muſt have leave to love you, Royal Youth;
Above all Nations I Adore a *Greek*,
And of all *Greeks* a *Spartan.* [*Looking on* Cleomenes.

Cleom. What he is,
And what I am, are owing to your Favour.

Caſſand. } Shall I not be your Miſtriſs? [*Looking on* Cleom-
to *Cleonid.* }

Cleonid. No, for I would not get *Ægyptians.*

Caſſand. For what, Sir, do you take us?

Cleonid.

Cleonid. For what you are;
When the Gods moulded up the Paſte of Man,
Some of their Dough was left upon their hands,
For want of Souls: And ſo they made *Ægyptians*:
They were intended for four Feet; And when
They come to run before our Noble *Spartans*,
They'l curſe the Gods for the Two Legs they ow'd 'em.

Caſſand. Then ſince you will not let me be your Miſtriſs,
Would I had been your Mother. [*Looking ſtill on* Cleom.

Cleon. So would not I:
For then I had not been all *Spartan.*

Caſſand. aſide. He anſwers not my Glances, ſtupid Man!
My tender Looks; my languiſhing Regards,
Are like miſ-aiming Arrows, loſt in Air,
And miſs the flying Prey.

While She walks, Cleom. *and* Cleonid. *are looking on a Picture hanging on the ſide of the Scenes.*

[*She takes out a Pocket Glaſs and looks in it.*

Theſe Eyes I Thank the Gods
Are ſtill the ſame: The Diamonds are not dimm'd:
Nor in their Luſtre: loſt in *Ptolomy*;
Small Boaſt: Alas! *Ptolomy* has no Soul,
'Tis what he wants, I love in *Cleomenes*;
Perhaps he dares not think I would be Lov'd,
Then muſt I make the advance; and making loſe
The vaſt Prerogative our Sex enjoys,
Of being Courted firſt: Courted! To what?
To our own Wiſhes: There's the point; but ſtill,
To ſpeak our wiſhes firſt; Forbid it, pride,
Forbid it Modeſty: True; They forbid it,
But Nature does not: When we are a Thirſt,
Or Hungry, Will imperious Nature ſtay?
Not Eat nor Drink, before 'tis bid, Fall on:
Well Sex, if this muſt be,
That I muſt not invite: I may at leaſt be ſuffer'd,

To lay ſome kind Occaſion in his way,
That if he dare but ſpeak; He may ſucceed.
[*She turns towards 'em, and obſerves what they're doing.*
{Cleom. *turns and meets her*; Cleonid. *looks ſtill on the Picture.*
Cleom. I durſt not have preſum'd to interrupt
Your private Thoughts.
Caſſan. They wholly were imploy'd in ſerving you;
But durſt not, and preſume, are words of Fear;
I thought they were not in your *Spartan* Tongue;
For my ſake, baniſh 'em:
On what were you ſo earneſtly employ'd?
You would not look this way.
Cleom. A Picture, Madam.
Caſſand. View it agen, 'tis worth a ſecond Sight,
Your Son obſerves it ſtill; 'Twere well to help
My Lover's Underſtanding; [*Goes with him to the Picture.*
Know you this Piece, young Prince?
Cleon. Some Battle, I believe; and in that Thought,
I gaze with ſuch Delight.
Cleom. Some Rape, I gueſs.
Caſſand. That's near the true Deſign, and yet miſtaken;
'Tis *Paris* bearing from your *Spartan* Shore,
The Beauteous *Hellen*; How do you approve it?
Cleom. Not in the leaſt, for 'tis a ſcurvy piece.
Caſſand. And yet 'tis known to be *Apelles* Hand;
The Style is his, you grant he was a Maſter.
Cleom. 'Tis ſcurvy ſtill, becauſe it repreſents
A baſe diſhoneſt Act; to violate
All Hoſpitable Rites, to force away,
His Benefactors Wife; Ungrateful Villain;
And ſo the Gods, Th' avenging Gods have judg'd.
Cleonid. Was he a *Spartan* King that ſuffer'd this?
Sure he reveng'd the Rape?
Cleom. He did, my Boy,
And ſlew the Raviſher.
Caſſand. Look better, Sir; You'll find it was no Rape;
Mark well that *Hellen* in her Lovers Arms:

Can

Can you not ſee, ſhe but affects to ſtrive;
She heaves not up her Hands to Heav'n for help,
But hugs the kind Companion of her Flight.
See how her tender Fingers ſtrain his ſides;
'Tis an Embrace; a Graſping of Deſire;
A very Belt of Love, that Girds his Waſte.
She looks as if ſhe did not fear to fall,
But only loſe her Lover if ſhe fell:
Obſerve her Eyes; How ſlow they ſeem to rowl
Their Wiſhing Looks, and Languiſh on his Face:
Obſerve the whole Deſign, and you wou'd Swear,
She Raviſh'd *Paris*, and not *Paris*; Her.

Cleom. *Sparta* has not to Boaſt of ſuch a Woman;
Nor *Troy* to thank her, for her ill-plac'd Love.

Caſſand. But *Paris* had; as for the War that follow'd,
'Twas but a Fable of a *Gracian* Wit,
To raiſe the Valour of his Countrymen:
For *Menelaus* was an Honeſt Wretch;
A Tame good Man, that never durſt reſent;
A meer Convenient Husband; Dull and Slaviſh;
By Nature meant the thing the Lovers made him.

Cleom. His Goodneſs aggravates their Crime the more:
Had *Menelaus* us'd his *Hellen* ill,
Had he been Jealous, or diſtruſted both,
I would allow a grain or two, for Love;
And plead in their Excuſe.

Caſſand. There was their ſafety that he was not Jealous:
What would you more of him? He was a Fool,
And put the happy means into their hands.

Cleom. I cannot much commend my Countryman.

Caſſand. Indeed, my Lord, your Countryman was dull,
That did not underſtand ſo plain a Courtſhip.
Have *Spartans* Eyes for nothing? not to ſee
So manifeſt a Paſſion?

Cleom. Yes too well. [*aſide.*
Madam, your Goodneſs intereſts you too much
In *Hellens* Cauſe. I have no more to urge,
But that ſhe was a Wife: That Word, a Wife,
In ſpight of all your Eloquence condemns her.

Caſſand. You argue juſtly; Therefore 'twas a Crime:
But had ſhe been a Miſtris, not a Wife;
Her Love had been a Virtue, to forſake
The Nauſeous Bed of a Loath'd fulſome King;
And fly into a ſprightly Lovers Arms.
Her Love had been a Merit to her *Paris*,
To leave her Country, and what more her Kingdom:
With a Poor Fugitive Prince to Sail away,
And bear her Wealth along to make him happy.

Cleom. You put your Picture in the faireſt Light:
But both the Lovers broke their plighted Vows;
He to *Oenone*, She to *Menelaus*.

Caſſand. The Gods that made two Fools had done more juſtly
To have match'd *Menelaus* with *Oenone*:
Think better of my Picture, it deſerves
A Second thought; it ſpeaks; the *Hellen* ſpeaks.

Cleonid. It ſpeaks *Ægyptian* then; a baſe Diſhoneſt Tongue.

Caſſand. You are too Young to underſtand her Language.
[*To* Cleonidas.
Do not thank me, [*To* Cleomenes.
Till I have brought your buſineſs to perfection:
Doubt not my kindneſs; nothing ſhall be wanting
To make your Voyage happy.

Cleom. I only fear th'Exceſs of your full Bounty!
To give me more then what my wants require.
[*Exit* Cleomenes *and* Cleonidas.

Caſſand. Meaning, perhaps, my Perſon and my Love!
I would not think it ſo; and yet I fear,
And while I fear, his Voyage ſhall be hinder'd:
No breath of Wind
Can ſtir, to waft him hence, unleſs I pleaſe:
I am the Goddeſs that commands the Seas.
In Vain he Vows at any other Shrine,
My Heart is in his Hands; his Fate's in mine.

[*Exeunt* Caſſandra.

ACT

Act III. Scene I.

SCENE, *The King's Apartment.*

A Table ſet.—— Ptolomey, Soſybius, Caſſandra, *ſitting*: Ptolomy *at the Upper end*; Caſſandra *on one ſide*, Soſybius *on the other.*

Ptolomy. I Muſt confeſs 'twas Obvious. (Nod:
Soſyb. He ſaid he could Command 'em with his
Can he do this with Mercenaries, rais'd
Not at his Charge, but yours? by you maintain'd:
What could he more, had they been *Spartans* born?
Caſſand. What would you hence infer?
Soſyb. What you obſerv'd?
Some are born Kings; and ſo is *Cleomenes.*
Caſſand. A great Soul dares not call himſelf a Villain:
He has that Intereſt, and will uſe it nobly;
To ſerve, and not to ruine his Protector,
Soſyb. Is *Ægypt*'s ſafety, and the Kings, and Yours,
Fit to be truſted on a bare ſuppoſe,
That he is Honeſt? Honeſt, let him be;
But on his own Experiment, not ours!
Man is but Man; Unconſtant ſtill, and Various;
There's no to Morrow in him, like to Day.
Perhaps the Atoms rowling in his Brain,
Make him think Honeſtly this preſent Hour;
The next a Swarm of Baſe, Ungrateful Thoughts
May mount aloft: And where's our *Ægypt* then?
Who would truſt Chance? ſince all Men have the Seeds
Of Good and Ill, which ſhould work upward firſt.
Caſſand. All men! then you are one; and by that Rule,
Your wicked Atomes may be working now
To give bad Council; That you ſtill may Govern.
Soſyb. I would the King would Govern.
Caſſand. Becauſe you think I have too much Command.
Ptolo. Would you would rule me both by turns, in quiet,
And let me take my Eaſe!

Caſſand. Then my turns firſt.
Soſyb. Our Maſters Safety in ſound reaſon ought
To be prefer'd to both.
Ptolo. So thinks *Caſſandra* too.
Caſſand. No; Court *Soſybius*, and caſt *Caſſandra* off.
Ptolo. What have I ſaid, or done,
To merit this unkindneſs?
Tell me but what you think of *Cleomenes*,
And be my Oracle.
Caſſand. I know him Grateful.
Soſyb. To know him grateful, is enough for *Jove*.
Caſſand. And therefore not too much for me in *Ægypt*:
I ſay, I know him Honeſt.
Ptolo. Then I know it.
Now may *Soſybius* ſpeak?
Caſſand. He may: but not to contradict my knowledge.
Soſyb. Then I concur, to let him go for *Greece*;
And wiſh our *Ægypt* fairly rid of him.
For, as our *Apis*, tho' in Temples fed,
And under Golden Roofs, yet loaths his food,
Becauſe reſtrain'd; and longs to roam in Meads,
Among the Milky-Mothers of the Herd.
So, *Cleomenes*, kept by force in *Ægypt*,
Is ſullen at our Feaſts; abhors our Dainties;
And longs to change 'em for his *Spartan* Broth.
He may be dang'rous here; Then ſend him hence,
With aid enough to Conquer all he loſt,
And make him formidable to Mankind.
Caſſand. He may be formidable then to us,
That thou wou'dſt ſay.
Soſyb. No: for you know him grateful.
Caſſand. Would thou wouldſt learn to ſpeak without a double,
Thou *Delphian* Stateſman. [*Riſes.*
Soſyb. Would I could know your Wiſhes that I might:
I would but ſmooth their way and make em 'eaſy! [*bowing.*
Caſſand. Good Old Man! [*Smiling.*
A little over Zealous, but well-meaning.
My Wiſhes are the honour of my King,
That *Ptolemy* may keep his Royal word,

And

And I my promiſe to procure this Aid;
If to be Miſtriſs, ſignifies Command,
Let this be done: If not, the King may find,
Another Beauty, worthier of his Bed;
And I another Lover, leſs ungrateful:
Ptol. Let *Ægypt* ſink before that fatal day;
No, we are one: *Caſſandra*, we are one:
Or I am nothing? Thou art *Ptolomy*.
Caſſand. Now you deſerve to be the firſt of Kings,
Becauſe you rank your ſelf the firſt of Lovers:
What can I do to ſhow *Caſſandra* grateful?
Nothing but this;
To be ſo nice in my Concerns for you;
To doubt where Doubts are not: To be too fearful:
To raiſe a Bug-bear Shadow of a Danger,
And then be frighted, tho' it cannot reach you.
Soſyb. Be pleas'd to name your apprehenſions, Madam.
Caſſand. Plain Souls like mine, judge others by themſelves:
Therefore I hold our *Cleomenes* honeſt:
But ſince 'tis poſſible: Tho' barely ſo,
That he may prove ungrateful,
I would have pledges given us of his Faith,
His Wife, his Mother, and his Son, be left
As Hoſtages in *Ægypt*.
Soſyb. Admirable:
Some God inſpir'd you with this prudent Council.
Ptol. I thought ſo too, but that I durſt not ſpeak.
Soſyb. Leave me to manage this.
Caſſand. My beſt *Soſybius*!
But do it ſurely, by the eaſieſt means,
Infuſe it gently: Do not pour it down;
Let him not think he ſtands ſuſpected here;
And leaſt of all, by Me!
Soſyb. He ſhall not, Madam.
Now Sir, th' Illumination-Feaſt attends you;
For *Apis* has appear'd,
Ptol. Why then I muſt be formal,
Go to the Temple.

Come my fair *Caſſandra*,
That I may have an Object worth my Worſhip. [*aſide.*
Caſſand. The God that I Adore is in my Breaſt;
This is the Tomple: This is the Sacrifice:
But to the Pow'rs Divine we make Appeal,
with great Devotion; and with little Zeal.
[*Exeunt* Ptol, *and* Caſſand.
Soſyb. ſolus. Yes yes, it ſhall be done; but not her way:
Call in my Son *Cleanthes*: This *Caſſandra*
Is our enchanting Syren: She that Sings
Our *Ptolomy* into ſecure Deſtruction:
In vain I Counſel him t'avoid his Ruine:
Theſe Women-Charmers, Oh they have a Devil
Too ſtrong to diſpoſſeſs. Call in my Son. [*Goes to the Door.*

Enter Cleanthes.

Cleanthes! Are you *Cleomenes*'s Friend,
Or only ſeem you ſuch?
Cleanth. To ſeem to be, and not to be what I ſeem,
Are things my honeſt Nature underſtands not.
Soſyb. But you muſt love your King and Country more.
Cleanth. Yes, when I have a King and Country
That can deſerve my Love!
Ægypt, as *Ægypt* is, deſerves it not:
A People, baſer than the Beaſts they worſhip:
Below their Pot-herb-gods that grow in Gardens:
The King———
Soſyb. Go to; Young Man, what e'er he be,
I muſt not hear my Maſter vilify'd.
Cleanth. Why did you name him then? Were I at Pray'rs,
And even for you, whom as my Soul I love,
If *Ptolomy* ſhould come a Croſs my Thoughts,
A Curſe would follow where I meant a Bleſſing.
Soſyb. 'Tis well, tis well, I am ſo fond a Father;
Thoſe words were death in any other Mouth;
I know too much of you, you love the *Spartan*,
Beyond your King and Country.

Cleanth.

Cleanth. 'Tis a Truth;
So Noble; I would own it to the Gods,
And they be proud to hear it,
Sofyb. Confeſs you love him better than your Father.
Cleanth. No; but I love him equal with my Father.
Sofyb. Say better, and ſay true:
If we were oppoſite, and one muſt fall,
Whom wouldſt thou Save?
Cleanth. Neither; For both would dye:
Before I could reſolve.
Sofyb. If I command thee,
To break thy Friendſhip with him? Wouldſt thou?
Cleanth. No:
Sofyb. Why then thou haſt confeſs'd, thou lov'ſt him more.
Cleanth. Not ſo: For ſhould he bid me diſobey,
Or not love you: Thus, would I anſwer him,
As I have anſwer'd you.
Sofyb. Ungrateful Boy!
Cleanth. You bid me tell you true, and this is my reward.
Sofyb. Go from my Sight.
Cleanth. I will; but would not go
Without your Bleſſing.
Sofyb. O, ſo well I love thee,
That I could Curſe thee for not loving me:
Stay, I would ſend thee on a Meſſage to him,
But that I fear thy Faith.
Cleanth. You wrong my Piety.
Sofyb. It much concerns my Intereſt, which is thine;
Would'ſt thou deliver what I have to ſay?
Would'ſt thou induce his Reaſon to comply?
Cleanth. Both; Granting your Propoſals Honourable:
If not, employ ſome Mercenary Tongue,
The Court affords you ſtore: And ſpare my Virtue!
Sofyb. I would have *Cleomenes* ſent away,
With Royal Aid.
Cleanth. You promis'd him he ſhould.
Sofyb. And would have thee perſwade him to this Voyage.
Cleanth. A welcome Errand: Oh my dear, dear Father.

Sofyb.

Sosyb. But on my terms, mark that; my terms; *Cleanthes.*

Cleanth. I fear'd the Statesman in you.

Sosyb. I would have *Ægypt* safe: That's all my Interest;
And therefore he must leave behind for Pawns,
His Mother, Wife and Son.

Cleanth. 'Tis clogging of a Gift: 'Tis base, mean Council;
I hope you gave it not.

Sosyb. No: 'Twas *Cassandra*!
But she would have that Odium cast on me,
I am her Beast of Burden and must bear it.

Cleanth. I never can belye so good a Father!
But this I'll do:
The Message shall be faithfully deliver'd,
And all the Strumpet stand expos'd to shame.

Sosyb. Thou hitst my meaning; but he must be secret;
Must seem to take the Favour as from Her:
And lay the hardship of the Terms on me.

Cleanth. He shall.

Sosyb. And thou wilt Gild this bitter Pill:
For there's no other way to go from hence,
But leaving these behind.

Cleanth. A Beam of Thought comes glancing on my Soul.
[*aside.*
I'll undertake it *To his Father.*
The Pledges shall be left.

Sosyb. My best *Cleanthes*: [*Embraces him.*
But haste, and lose no time!

Cleanth. I am all on fire to serve my Friend and Father.
Ex. Cleanthes.

Sosyb. alone. This *Cleomenes* ought to be dispatch'd:
Dispatch'd the safest way: He ought to dye;
Not, that I hate his Virtue; but I fear it:
The Mistriss drives my Councils to the Leeward;
Now I must edge upon a point of Wind;
And make slow way, recovering more and more,
Till I can bring my Vessel safe ashore *Exit.* Sosyb.

SCENE

SCENE *of a Temple with Illuminations. An Altar,* Apis *painted above; Prieſts and Choriſters.* Ptolomy, Caſſandra, *Courtiers Men and Women, all decently placed. Muſick Inſtrumental and Vocal. Then* Ptolomy *taking* Caſſandra *by the Hand, advances to the Altar of* Apis, *bowing thrice, and gives the High Prieſt a Purſe. Soft Muſick all the while* Ptolomy *and* Caſſandra *are Adoring and ſpeaking.*

Ptolo. Soul of the Univerſe, and ſource of Life,
Immortal *Apis*, thou thrice Holy Fire,
Hear *Ægypt*'s Vows and mine: if as we dream,
Ægyptian Earth Impregnated with Flame,
Sprung the firſt man;
Preſerve thy Primitive Plantation here.
Then for my ſelf, thy Type, and thy Vicegerent,
Rowl from my Loins a long Deſcent of Kings:
Mix'd of *Caſſandra*'s kindly blood and mine.
Mine be ſhe only, and I only hers.
And when I ſhall reſolve again to thee,
May ſhe ſurvive me, and be Queen of *Ægypt*:
Hear this, and firm it with ſome happy Omen.

[*An* Augury *portending good Succeſs ariſes from the Altar.*

Omnes. Apis be prais'd for this Auſpicious Omen.

[Ptolo. *bowing retires and ſeems pleas'd.*

Caſ. kneels. Great pow'r of Love! who ſpreadſt thy gentle fire
Thro' humane Hearts, art every where Ador'd;
Accept theſe Vows, in ſhew to *Apis* paid,
And make his Altar thine: Hear not that wretch!
Becauſe his Prayers were not addreſs'd to thee;
Or only hear his laſt: that I may reign.
Make *Cleomenes* mine, and mine alone:
Give us a flight ſecure, a ſafe arrival;
And Crown our Wiſhes in each others Arms.
Hear this and firm it with ſome happy Omen.

[*A bad Omen ariſes from the Flame of the Altar.*

Omnes. Avert this Omen, *Apis.*

Caſſand.

Caſſand. riſes. Accurs'd be thou, Graſs-eating fodder'd God!
Accurs'd thy Temple! more accurs'd thy Prieſts!
The Gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray
For happy Omens, We their price muſt pay:
In vain at Shrines, th'ungiving ſuppliant ſtands;
This 'tis to make a Vow with Empty hands:
Fat Offrings are the Prieſthoods only care;
They take the Money, and Heaven hears the Prayer.
Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,
And their Inſtructed Gods refuſe the ſuit.

[*Exit* Caſſ. *in a fury, King and Attendants follow.* Scene *cloſes.*

SCENE, *The Port of* Alexandria.

Enter Cleomenes, *and* Cleanthes.

Cleom. The Propoſitions are unjuſt and hard;
And if I ſwallow 'em, 'Tis as we take
The Wrath of Heaven.
We muſt have patience, for they will be Gods,
And give us no account of what we ſuffer.
Cleanth. My Father much abhors this middle way,
Betwixt a Gift and Sale of Courteſy:
But 'tis the Miſtreſs; She that ſeem'd ſo kind,
'Tis ſhe, that bears ſo hard a hand upon you:
She that would half Oblige, and half Affront.
Cleom. Let her be what ſhe is: That's Curſe enough.
But ſuch a Wife, a Mother, and a Son!
Oh ſure, ye Gods! when ye made this vile *Ægypt*:
Ye little thought, they ſhould be Mortgag'd here!
My only Comfort
Is, that I truſt theſe precious Pawns with thee:
For thou art ſo religiouſly a Friend,
That I would ſooner leave 'em in thy hands,
Than if I had ſecurity from Heav'n,
And all the Gods to anſwer for their ſafety.

Cleanth.

Cleanth. Yes, yes; They ſhall be ſafe;
And thou ſhalt have a pledge;
As ſtrong as Friendſhip can make over to thee:
Deny me not, for I muſt go with thee,
And ſhare what Fate allots for thee in *Greece.*
[Cleomenes *looks diſcontentedly.*
Nay caſt not on me that forbidding frown;
But let me be their pawn, as they are thine:
So I ſhall have thee wholly to my ſelf.
And be thy Wife, thy Mother, and thy Son,
As thou art all to me.
Cleom. Oh Friend! [*Sighs and wipes his Eyes.*
Cleanth. What wouldſt thou ſay, my better part?
Cleom. No more, but this; That thou art too unkind,
When even in kindneſs thou wouldſt over-come.
Cleanth. Let me be proud; and pardon thou my Pride;
Baſe, Worthleſs *Ægypt* has no other Pawn,
To Counter-ballance theſe but only me.
'Twas on ſuch terms alone, I durſt propoſe it:
Shalt thou leave theſe?
And I not leave a Father, whom I love?
Come, come; It muſt be ſo.
We'll give each other all we have beſides;
And then we ſhall be even. Here they are!
I leave thee. Break thoſe tender Ties of Nature,
As gently as thou canſt; they muſt be broken. [*Going, returns.*
But when thou ſeeſt *Caſſandra,* curb thy Spleen;
Seem to receive the kindneſs as from her:
And if thou thinkſt I love thee, for my ſake,
Remembring me; ſtrive to forget my Father. [*Exit* Cleanth.

Enter Cleora, Cratiſiclea, *and* Cleonidas.

Cleom. But how can I ſuſtain to tell 'em this, { *Walking from 'em.*
Even in the gentleſt Terms.
There are not words in any Tongue ſo ſoft
As I would uſe: The Gods muſt make a new one,
If they would have me ſpeak.

Cratiſi. How King of *Sparta*! When your Fortune ſmiles,
A Glorious Sun-ſhine, and a Gloomy Soul.
The Gods love chearfullneſs, when they are kind;
They think their Gifts deſpis'd, and thrown away
On ſullen thankleſs Hearts.

Cleor. I hear my deareſt Lord that we ſhall go.

Cleom. Go!

Cleon. What a mournful Eccho makes my Father!
By *Mars*, he ſtifles Go upon his Tongue;
And kills the joyful ſound, he ſpeaks ſo low,
That Heaven muſt Liſten if it hear his thanks.

Cleom. Yes, I ſhall go; but how?

Cleor. With *Ægypt*'s aid.

Cleon. With his own Soul and Sword, a Thouſand ſtrong;
And worth ten *Ægypts*, and their ten Thouſand Gods.

Cratiſ. There's ſomething more in this, than what we gueſs!
Some Secret anguiſh rowls within his Breaſt,
That ſhakes him like an Earthquake, which he preſſes,
And will not give it vent. I know him well,
He Bluſhes, and would ſpeak, and wants a Voice!
And ſtares and Gapes like a forbidden Ghoſt,
Till he be ſpoke to firſt.—— Tell me my Son!

Cleom. Mother, I will,— And yet I cannot neither. [*aſide.*
Mother! that word has ſtruck me dumb again:
For, how can I ſay Mother, and propound
To leave her here behind, who gave me Life?
Mother! and Wife! and Son! the names that Nature
Moſt Loves to ſpeak, are baniſh'd from my Mouth.

Cleor. Tell us, My Love, the King has chang'd his mind,
And has refus'd us leave; for we can bear it:
Ægypt is *Greece* to me, while you are here.

Cleom. Oh I would ſpeak! But, Oh! you ſpeak ſo kindly,
That you forbid my Speech: You call me, Love.

Cleor. Was that too kind a Word?

Cleom. It was to me; I am a meer *Barbarian*;
A Brute, a ſtock, for I have no Relations,
Or ſhortly ſhall have none.

Cleor. Then we muſt die!

Cleon.

Cleonid. We muſt: and welcome Death.
Cratiſ. To ſave his Life.
Cleom. The Gods forbid that you ſhould dye for me!
No: You may live; but I muſt dye thrice over:
For I muſt leave you here, or muſt not go:
Theſe are the hard Conditions offer'd me.
Cratiſ. Then *Ægypt* would have Pledges: Is this all?
Cleom. Yes, and a mighty All: 'Tis all I have:
But I propoſe it not; Remember that.
Cratiſ. I do: and therefore I propoſe it firſt,
To ſave this virtuous Shame, this good Confuſion,
That would not let you ſpeak.
Cleom. Oh! I could almoſt think you love me not:
You Granted me ſo quick, ſo willingly:
What I——bear witneſs Heaven, was ſlow to ask.
And would be loath to have.
Cleor. I cannot leave you.
Cleom. I was but wiſhing, thou wouldſt draw me back,
And now I cannot go.
Cratiſ. Are you turn'd Woman?
No more of this fond Stuff;
Cleon. Shall I be left to gather Ruſt in *Ægypt*?
A Glue of Sloth to ſtick to my young Pinions;
And marr their flight; Habitual Cowardiſe:
No; I muſt learn my ſtubborn Trade of War,
From you alone, and envy you betimes.
Cleom. But the Conditions! Oh theſe hard Conditions,
That ſuch a Spirit muſt be left behind,
Untaught! unfaſhion'd by a Fathers hands!
A Spirit fit to ſtart into an Empire,
And look the World to Law.
Cratiſ. No more debating, for I ſee the pinch,
He muſt be left, and ſo muſt She and I:
For we are but your ſoftneſſes, My Son:
Th' Incumbrances and Luggage of the War:
Fight for us, and redeem us, if you pleaſe;
For there we are your clogs of Virtue: Here,
The Spurs of your return.

Cleom. I Thank you, Mother,
Once more you have Erected me to Man,
And ſet me upright with my Face to Heaven!
The Woman and the Boy, be yours awhile:
The War be mine alone!

Cratiſ. There ſpoke the *Sparta*n King: Think not on us.

Cleom. I wonnot.

Cleora. Not in Pray'rs!

Cleon. In Pray'rs! That's poor,
As if the Gods were Thoughtleſs of their work;
Think on us, when you fight: and when you make
A luſty ſtroke, Cry out, That's for my Boy.

Cratiſ. Diſpoſe this mouldring Carcaſs as you pleaſe,
E're lingring Age or Sickneſs wear it out;
Unprofitable then for *Sparta*'s good:
Be cheerful, fight it well, and all the reſt,
Leave to the Gods and Fortune.

Cleom. If they fail me,

Theirs be the Fault, For Fate is theirs alone:
My Virtue, Fame, and Honour are my own.

Exeunt omnes.

Act IV.

SCENE, *An Antichamber of Caſſandra's Lodging.*

Enter Ptolomy, Soſybius, Cœnus, Caſſandra.

Soſyb. SO ſo; it works: now Miſtriſs ſit you faſt—— [*aſide*
Ptol. Humh, Whores and Catamites!
Were thoſe his words?

Cœnus, Upon my life they were.

Ptol. Whom ſhould he mean by thoſe unmanner'd terms;
Caſſandra: Can you gueſs?

Caſſand. 'Twas kindly ask'd.

Ptol. A foul mouth'd Villain.

Soſyb.

Sosyb. So, I should have thought,
But that this Lady knows him good and grateful.
Cænus. Madam! I stand suspected without cause,
And, but I fear Revenge from this great Man,
I could say more.
Cassand. I thought he was concern'd.
Sosyb. Who: I?
Cassan. Speak boldly, *Gracian*, I protect thee.
Cænus. Cleanthes then was present, and he added. {*Enter*
But he appears in time to hear his Charge. {Cleanth.
Sosyb. My dear! dear! Son! [*aside.*
I fear thy lavish Tongue has ruin'd Thee;
What can I do to save Thee?
Cassan. Well, proceed.
Cænus, Can you deny, my Lord? that you were present,
When *Cleomenes* Tax'd the Court, and King
With Brutal Vices?
Cleanth. I remember somewhat,
Of certain Horses which he could not buy,
And saw thee go away dissatisfy'd,
Which to prevent, I meant to purchase 'em;
The rest I heard not, nor believe he spoke.
Cassand. Cleanthes added farther; That thou saidst,
Ptol. And we would know: E're Tortures force it from thee.
Sosyb. aside. Now comes the fatal stroke.
Cænus. He added farther.
Cleanth. No; thou add'st it all:
And I demand the Combat.
Ptol. Let him speak.
Sosyb. Think first, *Cleanthes*! Think before you hazard,
Your Life and Honour in this bold Appeal,
Somewhat, you might have said, nay more you ought,
Since I commanded you to be a Spy
On *Cleomenes* Acts, and close Designs.
Cleanth. The good old Lyer would preserve my Life: [*Aside.*
And I must steer his course,
I think —— I farther added [*To the King.*

Ptol.

Ptol. 'Tis forgiven:
So wholly pardon'd, that I will not hear it;
Good Spies are uſeful, and muſt be encourag'd;
But what muſt next be done with *Cleomenes?*

Soſyb. Diſpatch him, as the ſource of all your fears;
Obſerve the Mounting Billows of the Main,
Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm:
Bruſh off thoſe Winds, and the high waves return,
Into their quiet firſt created Calm:
Such is the rage of buſie bluſtring Crowds:
Fomented by th' Ambition of the great:
Cut off the Cauſes and th' Effect will ceaſe;
And all the moving madneſs fall to Peace.

Ptol. Let him ſeiz'd in order to his Death;
I am in haſte, you know it, for my progreſs,
A thouſand pleaſures wait me at *Canopus*;
And this poor trifling buſineſs of one life,
Encumbers all: *Caſſandra*! Are you ready?
We will be ſeen like *Iſis* and *Oſyris*,
Drawn in one Chariot for admiring Eyes,
To worſhip as we paſs.

Caſſand. A word in private: *Cænus*, attend without. [*Exit.*

{ Caſſand. *leads the King to a corner of the Stage*; Soſyb. *takes his Son to the other.*

Soſyb. to Cleanth. Now I am twice your Father, by preſerving
The Life I gave you, which your Folly hazarded:
Break off all Friendſhip with that *Spartan* King,
Or never ſee me more: His Fate's reſolv'd:
Nor can you ſtem the Tide: Avoid his ruines;
Reply not, but obey.

Cleanth. I know my Duty. [*Bowing.*

Soſyb. Thou overjoy'ſt me: Follow, we'll talk, farther.

[*Exeunt* Soſyb. *and* Cleanthes.

Caſſand. What think you of *Soſybius* and his Son?

Ptol. As of two Creatures zealous of my Service.

Caſſand. Oh Heavens! That I ſhould love this King ſo well!
But that I dote: What can I ſee in him?
But dull good Nature and Simplicity!

Well,

Well, well! My little Dear, I find the Gods
Have given me here, no buſineſs of my own;
But made me juſt your Drudge to Love and ſave you.
Ptolo. 'Proteſt I thought 'em honeſt; are they not?
Caſſand. Ye Gods! why did you make this Man your Image?
And made him but an Image: You'l forgive me?
I Love you ſo, that I am forc'd to rail.
You ſaw no cloſe Conveyance of the Game
Betwixt the Crafty Sire, and Cunning Son.
How ſlily one invented an Excuſe,
And t'other took it up as dext'rouſly?
Ptolo. Why ſure *Cleanthes* was his Fathers Spy.
Caſſand. Yes, over you; but not on *Cleomenes.*
I fear you are betray'd, and the Gods blind you,
To make your ruine ſure!
Ptolo. As how, *Caſſandra*?
Caſſand. When you are abſent———
Ptolo. Well!
Caſſand. 'Tis in their Power———
Ptolo. To Murder *Cleomenes*———
Caſſand. If they pleaſe;
Or elſe to ſet him free, and joyn with *Magas.*
Ptolo. I will not to *Canopus.*
Caſſand. Yes; You muſt.
Ptolo. But how ſhall I be ſafe, and take this Journey?
Caſſand. Leave that to me.
Ptolo. But you muſt go along.
Caſſand. No: I muſt ſtay here, in order to your ſafety,
To watch the growth of danger and prevent it.
This Cruel abſence I muſt undergo;
Or elſe I Love you not.
Ptolo. Since I muſt go;
I'll cheat 'em of a Day, and come before
My time, for Love of thee.
Caſſand. To ſum up all,
For we are both in haſte;
Intruſt your Royal Signet in my Hands.
Ptolo. Joyn'd with *Soſybius.*

Caſſand.

Caſſand. Would you truſt a Stateſman
Before your own dear Heart. You love him better,
You naughty Man, in faith you do; and now I think on't,
I will not have your Signet: By this Kiſs,
And this, and this, I will not.

Ptolo. By all three, thou ſhalt. [*Gives her the Signet from his Finger.*
But kill this *Cleomenes* quickly, he's dangerous.

Caſſand. He's in ſafe hands with me.

Ptolo. One more Embrace.

Caſſand. There, take it, and now go:
Thus for your good, I thruſt you from my Arms.

Ptolo. Farewell, My Love. [*Exit* Ptolomy.

Caſſand. Farewell.——I hope for ever.
Now *Cleomenes* I will ſound thy Soul:
For Life and Death depend upon thy Choice.
But for that eaſy Wretch, him I contemn.
Hard ſtate of Lovers! Subject to our Laws!
Fools we muſt have, or elſe we cannot ſway;
For none but Fools will Woman-kind Obey.
If they prove ſtubborn and reſiſt our Will,
We Exerciſe our Pow'r, and uſe 'em ill.
The paſſive Slave that Whines, Adores and Dies,
Sometimes we pity: But we ſtill deſpiſe.
But when we dote, the ſelf ſame Fate we prove,
Fools at the beſt: But double Fools in Love.
We rage at firſt with ill diſſembled ſcorn;
Then falling from our height, more baſely mourn;
And Man, th'inſulting Tyrant takes his turn.
Leaves us to Weep for our neglected Charms,
And hugs another Miſtreſs in his Arms:
And that which humbles our proud Sex the moſt;
Of all our ſlighted favours makes his boaſt.

[*Exit* Caſſandra.

Enter Cleomenes.

Cleom. Her Words, Her every Look, confeſs ſhe loves me,
And therefore ſhe detains theſe Hoſtages:

As

As pawns of my return to her and *Ægypt.*
Thus far 'tis plain and obvious: But the Picture.
That *Hillen.* There's the Riddle of her Love.
For what I ſee, or only think I ſee,
Is like a Glimps of Moon-ſhine, ſtreak'd with red;
A ſhuffled, ſullen, and uncertain Light,
That Dances thro' the Clouds, and ſhuts again;
Than 'ware a riſing Tempeſt on the Main.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſſand. aſide. I would, but cannot ſpeak.
The ſhame that ſhould to Woman-kind belong,
Flown from my Boſom, hovers on my Tongue.

Cleom. 'Tis rarely ſeen, that Gods from Heaven deſcend;
But for ſome kind, ſome Charitable end.
And yet your troubled looks ill News import,
Stops, or Delays; but that's no News at Court:
There's ſomewhat which your pity would diſguiſe.

Caſſand. Would you could read that ſomewhat in my Eyes.
But as you are a *Spartan* and a King,
Undaunted hear whatever News I bring:
The Favourite hates you; *Cænus* has betray'd
The bitter truths, that our looſe Court upbraid.
Your Friend was ſet upon you for a Spy;
And on his Witneſs, you are doom'd to die.

Cleom. I have been plung'd already twice in Woes,
And the third time above the Waves I roſe.
Still I have ſtrength to Steer me into Port,
And ſhun the Secret Quick-Sands of the Court.
But when my Friend, who ſhould expecting ſtand,
On the bare Beach, to lend his helping hand;
When He defends th' Unhoſpitable ſhore,
And drives me thence, I ſink for ever more.
But 'tis impoſſible; his Faith is try'd;
The Man, who had defam'd him thus; had ly'd.

Caſſand. Well! I forgive your blunt Laconique way,
It ſhall be ſeen, it ſhall, this very Day,
Who would preſerve your Life, and who betray.

The King incens'd; the Favourite your Foe,
Yet on the ſame Conditions you may go:
Your Wife, your Son, your Mother left behind.
What think you now?

Cleom. 'Tis to be wond'rous kind.

Caſſand. Suppoſe I add a farther bounty yet.

Cleom. It could but make your Favours over weight.

Caſſand. What if I went my ſelf to waft you o'er?
And left you, when I ſaw you ſafe a ſhore?
For I ſhould leave you, if you thought it fit,
Not to do more than Honour would permit.
Can I do leſs to ſhow you I am kind,
To Comfort you for thoſe you left behind?

Cleom. The World would think you kinder than you ought.

Caſſand. Why ſhould I care what baſe *Ægyptians* thought?

Cleom. Immoderate Gifts oppreſs me, not relieve;
Nor dare I take, what ruins you to give.

Caſſand. Leave me to judge of that. I could preſcribe
An eaſy way of giving back my Bribe.
Why would you force me farther than my part;
Look on my Eyes; and you may read my Heart. *Looks on her as by ſtealth.*
Oh there you met me with a guilty Glance!
Now 'tis too late to plead your Ignorance.

Cleom. I am ſo much below, and you above.
What can I ſay?

Caſſand. But one kind word. I Love.

Cleom. As far as Gratitude that Love can pay.

Caſſand. Oh ſtop not there; for that's but half the way:
Would you to one poor narrow word confine
Your paſſion? When I put no bounds to mine.

Cleom. Cleora!

Caſſand. Now you ſpeak too ſoon; Forbear.
Nothing can pleaſe me, that begins with her.

Cleom. I muſt begin where Nature void of Art,
Directs my Tongue, with her who rules my Heart.

Caſſand. Let us together ſail before the Wind,
And leave that dull Domeſtique Drudge behind.

Cleom. What? to expoſe her helpleſs Innocence,
To the wild fury of an Injur'd Prince?

Caſſand.

Caſſand. A vain ſurmiſe; their Talents would agree,
The Gods have made your Noble Mind for me:
And her inſipid Soul for *Ptolomey*:
A heavy lump of Earth without deſire,
A heap of Aſhes that o're-lays your Fire.
Cleom. Virtue, you muſt allow her, tho' a Foe.
Caſſand. No more, than what I would to Ice and Snow;
Yet thoſe have Seeds of heat; her ſhivering Blood,
Makes her at beſt but impotently good.
But neither I can ſave you, if you ſtay,
Nor ſave my ſelf unleſs I go away:
For if I ſtay behind, and let you free,
The Fury of the King would fall on me.
Cleom. Then to prevent your Fate I muſt not go,
Death is my choice, ſince Heaven will have it ſo.
Caſſand. Heaven would preſerve your Life, and ſo would I,
But you are obſtinately bent to dye,
Cleom. Some Men are made of ſuch a leaky Mould,
That their fill'd Veſſels can no Fortune hold:
Pour'd in, it ſinks away, and leaves 'em dry,
Of that unſuſceptible Make am I:
Yet think not, Fair one, I your Charms deſpiſe,
My Heart's inſenſible, but not my Eyes.
Reſpect and Gratitude are all my ſtore,
And thoſe I give: My Love was giv'n before.
Caſſand. Thus break falſe Merchants with an honeſt ſhow:
Rich to themſelves, but Bankrupts where they owe.
Cleom. If at this awful diſtance I remain,
Better be too Devout, than too profane.
Caſſand. Flattery! Such Alms, the Prieſthood gives the poor,
They Bleſs, and ſend 'em empty from the Door:
Know you, that Death ſtands ready at the Gate;
That I forbid him, and ſuſpend your Fate;
The King's ſhort abſence leaves me abſolute;
When he returns th'inevitable ill,
Is paſt my pow'r, and may be paſt my Will:
Unhappy Man! prevent thy Deſtiny;
Speak one kind word to ſave thy Life and me.

Cleom. Be answer'd, and expect no more Reply.

Cassand. Disdain has swell'd him up, and choak'd his Breath:
Sullen and Dumb, and obstinate to Death:
No signs of pity in his Face appear;
Look! If th'ungrateful Creature shed one Tear!
Cram'd with his Pride, he leaves no room within
For Sighs to issue out, or Love to enter in. [*He turns away.*
What! dost thou turn thy Face in my despight?
Am I a Toad? a Monster to thy Sight?
Farewel fond pity then: As thou from me,
So, thy good Fortune turns her Face from Thee?
Left, scorn'd, and loath'd, and all without Relief,
Revenge succeeds to Love, and Rage to Grief:
Tempests and Whirlwinds through my Bosom move,
Heave up, and madly mount my Soul above
The reach of Pity, or the bounds of Love.
Approach and seize the Traytor [*Enter Guards.*

Cleom. Now I can speak; thy kindness kept me dumb;
For that I could not answer: The false Syren,
No longer hiding her uncomely parts,
Struts on the Waves, and shews the Brute below.

Cassand. Stop that foul Mouth: Behold this Royal Signet;
The Warrant of his Death. [*Guards go to seize him.*

Cleom. Stand back ye Slaves, [*He Draws his Sword.*
And put me not to stain a *Spartan* Sword:
With base *Ægyptian* Blood. {*He advances upon 'em, they retire with signs of fear.*

Cassand. Fall on, behold a Noble Beast at Bay:
And the vile Huntsmen shrink——More Aid: Who waits?

Enter Cleanthes.

Now Sir, What brings you here?

Cleanth. My Zeal to serve you.

Cassand. That shall be try'd; Disarm him.

Cleanth. *Cleomenes*!
Deliver me your Sword.

Cleom. How's this, *Cleanthes*?

Cleanth. It must be so! *Cleom.*

Cleom. Is this a Friends Advice,
To give me up defenceleſs to a Croud,
Whom Arm'd I could reſiſt?
Cleanth. Muſt he dye, Madam!
Or be reſerv'd for further puniſhment,
At *Ptolomey*'s return?
Caſſand. Why ask you that?
Cleanth. Becauſe his Deſtiny, for ought I find
Depends on you: Think firſt, and then Command.
Caſſand. Know then, that his laſt Thrid is on the Diſtaff,
And I can cut it now.
Cleanth. And are reſolv'd?
Caſſand. I only ſaid I can, and I can Save,
Diſarm, and hurt him not.
Cleanth. Once more your Sword.
Cleom. Send off thoſe Villains: Tho' I fear 'em not;
Yet Cowards are offenſive to my ſight:
Nor ſhall they ſee me do an Act that looks
Below the Courage of a *Spartan* King.
Caſſand. Cleanthes! May I truſt your Faith?
Cleanth. You may.
Caſſand. Begone, and wait my Call. [*Ex. Guards.*
Cleom. Cleanthes! Stil my Friend; for ſuch I hold thee
Tho' this bad Woman ſays thou art my Spy;
I cannot give a greater proof than this,
That I believe her not: [*Gives him his Sword*].
If thou art falſe,
'Tis in thy power to ſhow it ſafely, now:
And compaſs that by Treaſon, which in Arms
Nor Thou, nor any Man alive can force.
Remember ſtill, I gave it to a Friend:
For Life and Death are equal in themſelves;
That which would caſt the Ballance, is thy falſhood,
To make my Death more wretched.
Cleanth. Then you may think me that, which you call Falſe,
But Duty to my Father ———
Cleom. Say no more!
I would not curſe thee, for thou wer't my Friend.

I think

I think thee ſtill as honeſt as thou couldſt;
Impenetrably good; but like *Achilles*,
Thou hadſt a ſoft *Ægyptian* Heel undipt,
And that has made thee Mortal.

Caſſand. Cleanthes, Thou haſt well approv'd thy Faith:
And as this Palace is thy Government,
On utmoſt peril of thy Life ſecure him.
One farther word—— [*Whiſpers.*

[*Ex* Cleanth, *looking concernedly on* Cleomenes.

Cleom. So guilty as thou art, and canſt thou look
On him, thou haſt betraid? Go, take thy hire,
Which thou haſt dearly purchas'd, and be great

Caſſand. For you, brave Sir, as you have given my hopes
But Air to feed on; Air ſhall be your Food:
No Bread ſhall enter theſe forbidden Doors.
Thin, hungry Diet, I confeſs; but ſtill
The liker *Spartan* Fare: Keen Appetites,
And quick Digeſtion wait on you and yours.

Cleom. O mix not Innocence and Guilt together:
What Love have they refus'd, or how offended?
Be Juſt, tho' you are Cruel, or be Kind,
And puniſh me alone.

Caſſand. There Nature works,
Then there I'll ſtab thee in thy tender part. { *Shreeks of Women within.*

Cleom. What diſmal Cries are thoſe?

Caſſand. Nothing, a trifling ſum of Miſery,
New added to the foot of thy Account:
Thy Wife is ſeiz'd by Force and born away;
Farewel, I dare not truſt thy Vengeance further.

[*Running to the Door, he is ſtopt by Guards with drawn Swords.*

Cleom. Cleora——There ſtands Death, but no *Cleora*;
I would find both together.

Enter Cratiſiclea, Cleonidas, *and* Pantheus *bloody on his hand.*

Cratiſ. Oh King of *Sparta*!

Cleom. Peace, Mother, Peace.
I have had news from Hell before you.

Cleora's

Cleora's gone to Death. Is there a Door,
A Caſement, or a Rift within theſe Walls?
That can let looſe my Body to her reſcue?
Panth. All clos'd, nothing but Heaven above is open.
Cleom. Nay, that's clos'd too: The Gods are deaf to Pray'rs!
Huſh then; th' irrevocable Doom's gone forth,
And Pray'rs lagg after, but can ne'r o'er-take,
Let us talk forward of our woes to come.
Cratiſ. Cleanthes! (Oh could you ſuſpect his Faith?)
'Twas he, that headed thoſe, who forc'd her hence.
Cleom. Panthens bleeds!
Panth. A ſcratch, a feeble Dart,
At diſtance thrown by an *Ægyptian* hand.
Cratiſ. You heard me not, *Cleanthes* is———
Cleom. He was——no more good Mother,
He tore a piece of me away, and ſtill
The void place akes within me: O my Boy,
I have bad news to tell thee.
Cleonid. None ſo bad,
As that I am a Boy: *Cleanthes* ſcorn'd me,
And when I drove a Thruſt, home as I could,
To reach his Traytor Heart, He put it by,
And cryed as in deriſion, Spare the Stripling;
Oh that inſulting word: I wou'd have ſwopp'd
Youth for old Age, and all my Life behind,
To have been then a momentary Man.
Cleom. Alas! Thy Manhood, like a forward Spring,
Before it comes to bear the promis'd Fruit
Is blighted in the Bud: Never, my Boy,
Canſt thou fetch Manhood up, with thy ſhort ſteps,
While with long ſtrides the Giant ſtalks before thee.
Cleonid. Am I to dye before I am a Man?
Cleom. Yes, thou muſt dye with me, and I with her
Who gave me life: and our poor Infant too within,
Muſt dye before it knows what dying means.
Three different Dates of Nature one would think;
But Fate has cramm'd us all into one Leaſe;
And that even now expiring.

Panth.

Panth. Yet we live.

Cleom. No, even now we dye; Death is within us,
And keeps out Life, for nouriſhent is Life,
And we have fed our laſt; Hunger feeds Death.

Cratiſ. A lingring Doom, but four days hence the ſame;
And we can ſhorten thoſe, turn Days to Hours,
And Hours to Moments: Death is in our Call.

Panth. The ſooner then the better.

Cleonid. So ſay I.

Panth. While we have ſpirits left to meet him boldly.

Cleenid. I'le hold my Breath,
And keep my Soul a pris'ner in my Body;
There let it creep and wander in the dark,
Till tir'd to find no out-let, it Retreats
Into my *Spartan* Heart, and there lies pleas'd:
So, we two are provided. Sir, your choice? (*To* Cleom.

Cleom. Not this diſpatch, for we may dye at leiſure.
This Famine has a ſharp and meager Face:
'Tis Death in an undreſs of Skin and Bone:
Where Age and Youth, their Land-mark tane away,
Look all one common furrow.

Cratiſ. Yet you chuſe it,
To pleaſe our Foes, that when they view our Skeletons,
And find 'em all alike, they may cry out,
Look how theſe dull obedient *Spartans* dy'd,
Juſt as we wiſh'd, as we preſcrib'd their Death;
And durſt not take a nobler, nearer way.

Cleom. Not ſo, but that we durſt not tempt the Gods,
To break their Images without their leave.
The moment e'r *Caſſandra* came, I had
A Note without a Name, the Hand unknown,
That bad me not deſpair, but ſtill hope well.
Then dye not yet;
For Heaven has means to free us; if not me,
Yet theſe and you: I am the hunted Stag,
Whoſe Life may may ranſom yours.

Cratiſ.

Crat. No more of that:
I find your diſtant drift to die alone:
An unkind Accuſation of us all,
As if we durſt not die: I'll not ſurvive you!
Panth. Nor I.
Cleonid. Nor I.
Cleom. But hear my Reaſons!

Enter Cleora *in a black Veil.*

Ha! What Shadow's this! This that can glide through Walls!
Or paſs its ſubtle Limbs through Bolts and Bars!
Black too! like what it repreſents, our Fate.
Cleor. Too true a Shadow I, and you the Subſtance.
[*Lifts up her Veil.*
Omn. Cleora!
Cleom. Thus let me grow again to thee,
Too cloſe for Fate to ſever!
Or let Death find me in theſe dear, dear Arms,
And looking on thee, ſpare my better part,
And take me willing hence.
Crat. What! are you dreaming, Son! with Eyes caſt upwards
Like a mad Prophet in an Ecſtaſie?
Cleom. Muſing on what we ſaw.
Juſt ſuch is Death,
With a black Veil, covering a beauteous Face!
Fear'd afar off
By erring Nature: a miſtaken Phantom:
A harmleſs, lambent Fire. She kiſſes Cold;
But kind, and ſoft, and ſweet, as my *Cleora.*
Oh could we know,
What Joys ſhe brings; at leaſt, what reſt from Grief!
How ſhould we preſs into her Friendly Arms,
And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy?
Crat. Look! What we have forgot! The Joy to ſee
Cleora here, has kept us from enquiring,
By what ſtrange means ſhe enter'd.
Cleom. Small Joy, Heaven knows, to be adopted here,

Into the meager Family of Famine!
The Houſe of Hunger: therefore ask'd I not;
So am I pleaſed to have her Company,
And ſo diſpleas'd to have it but in Death——
Cleor. I know not how or why, my ſurly Gaoler,
Hard as his Irons, and inſolent as Pow'r,
When put in vulgar Hands, *Cleanthes* gone,
Put off the Brute; and with a gloomy Smile,
(That ſhow'd a ſullen loathneſs to be kind,)
Skreen'd me within this Veil, then led me forth;
And uſing to the Guards *Caſſandra*'s Name:
Made that my Paſs-port: Every Door flew ope,
T' admit my Entrance; and then clapt behind me,
To barr my going back.
Cleom. Some new Reſolve!
Caſſandra plots, and then refines on Malice:
Plays with Revenge: with Rage ſhe ſnatch'd you hence,
And renders you with Scorn: I thought to ſhow you
How eaſie 'twas to die, by my Example,
And hanſel Fate before you: But thy preſence
Has chang'd my Mind, to drag this lingring life,
To ſhare thy Sorrows, and aſſiſt thy Weakneſs.
Come in, my Friends, and let us practiſe Death,
Stroke the grim Lyon, till he grow familiar.
Cleora! Thou and I, as Lovers ſhould,
Will hand in hand to the dark Manſions go,
Where Life no more can cheat us into Woe;
That ſucking in each others lateſt Breath,
We may transfuſe our Souls, and put the change on Death.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

Act V.

Enter Caſſandra *and* Soſybius.

Soſ. And what
Have you determin'd?
Caſſ. He ſhall die.
Soſ. A wholſome Reſolution: Have you fix'd
The Time?
Caſſ. He daily dies, by Hours and Moments:
All vital Nouriſhment but Air is wanting!
Three riſing Days and two deſcending Nights
Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by turns;
But brought no kind Viciſſitude to him:
His State is ſtill the ſame: With hunger pinch'd:
Waiting the ſlow approaches of his Death;
Which halting on-wards, as his life goes back,
Still gains upon his Ground!
Soſ. But e'er Fate reach him,
The Mercy of the King may interpoſe:
You have the Signet?
Caſſ. Yes! In your Deſpite!
Soſ. Be not diſpleas'd ſuppoſe he ſhou'd eſcape?
Caſſ. Suppoſe he ſhou'd have Wings? Impoſſible.
Soſ. Yet, Keepers have been brib'd: To whom can *Ptolomy*
Impute that Crime, but you?
Caſſ. He may: But let him if he dares:
Come, Stateſman! Do not ſhuffle in your pace;
You wou'd expoſe me to the People's Hatred,
By hurrying on this Act of Violence:
You know a little thing provokes the Crowd
Againſt a Miſtreſs: She's the Publick Mark:
Therefore content your ſelf I will be ſafe:
Nor ſhall the Priſoner die a ſpeedier Death,

Than what my Doom decreed: Unleſs the King
Reverſe his Orders, by my Meſſenger.

Soſ. May I preſume to ask you, whom you ſent?

Caſſ. Thy Son, unknown to thee; for ſo I charg'd him:
And this the promis'd hour of his Return.-----Nay wonder not,
I choſe him with deſign: That whatſoe'er
The King ordains, you both ſhou'd ſhare th' Event:
And ſtand or fall with me. Ponder on that, and leave me!

Soſ. aſide. } What can ſhe mean? She neither kills nor ſaves-----

[*Exit* Soſybius.

Caſſ. Now tell me, Heart: Now anſwer for thy ſelf:
What wilt thou do! and what doſt thou deſire!
His Life? No, he's ungrateful: Or, his Death?
I tremble at that Word. What then? His Love!
His Love! my Heart! What! by Reſtraint, and Famine?
Are theſe the means to compaſs thy Deſign?
Revenge! My Hands ſo ſoft, his Heart ſo hard,
The blow recoils, and hurts me while I ſtrike!
Like the mad Viper, ſcourg'd into a Rage,
I ſhoot into my ſelf my fatal Sting.

Enter Mariner.

Marin. The Ship is ready, when you pleaſe to ſail,
And waits but your Command: The Wind ſtands fair.

Caſſ. Be ſecret, and attend my farther pleaſure——

[*Gives him a Purſe, and exit Mariner.*

So; this was time well manag'd: In three Days
To hire a Veſſel——Put my Wealth on board:
Send off th' obſerving Son, and Fool the Father:
See him I will, to ſound his laſt Reſolves,
If Love can ſoften him, or Fear can bow.
If both ſhou'd fail, th' ungrateful Wretch ſhall find,
Rage has no Bounds in ſlighted Woman-kind.

[*Exit* Caſſandra.

SCENE

SCENE, *A Priſon.*

Enter Cleomenes.

Cleom. NO Food: And this the third ariſing Sun:
But what have I to do with telling Suns,
And meaſuring Time? That runs no more for me!
Yet ſure the Gods are good: I wou'd think ſo,
If they wou'd give me leave;
But Virtue in Diſtreſs, and Vice in Triumph
Make Atheiſts of Mankind.

Enter Cratiſiclæa.

What Comfort, Mother?
Crat. A Soul, not conſcious to it ſelf of Ill,
Undaunted Courage, and a Maſter-mind:
No Comfort elſe but Death,
Who like a lazie Maſter ſtands aloof,
And leaves his Work to the ſlow hands of Famine.
Cleom. All I wou'd ask of Heav'n,
Is, but to die alone; a ſingle Ruine;
But to die o'er and o'er, in each of you,
With my own hunger pinch'd, but pierc'd with yours!
Crat. Grieve not for me!
Cleom. What! not for you, my Mother!
I am ſtrangely tempted to blaſpheme the Gods;
For giving me ſo good, ſo kind a Parent:
And this is my return, to cauſe her Death——
Crat. Peace! Your Misfortunes cauſe it, not your Fault.

Enter Cleora.

Cleom. What! my *Cleora*?

I ſtretch'd

I ſtretch'd my bounds as far as I could go,
To ſhun the ſight of what I cannot help;
A Flow'r withering on the Stalk for want
Of nouriſhment from Earth and ſhowers from Heaven:
All I can give thee is but Rain of Eyes —— [*Wiping his Eyes.*

Cleor. Alas! I have not wherewithal to weep:
My eyes grow dim, and ſtiffen'd up with drought,
Can hardly rowl and walk their feeble round:
Indeed--- I am faint.

Crat. And ſo am I.-- Heaven knows! However [*aſide.*
In pity of 'em both, I keep it ſecret:
Nor ſhall he ſee me fall— [*Exit* Cratiſiclæa.

Cleom. How does our helpleſs Infant?

Cleor. It wants the Breaſt, its kindly nouriſhment:
And I have none to give, From theſe dry Ceſterns
Which unſupply'd themſelves, can yield no more:
It pull'd and pull'd but now, but nothing came.
At laſt it drew ſo hard, that the blood follow'd:
And that Red Milk I found upon its Lips,
Which made me ſwoon with fear.

Cleom. Go in and reſt thee,
And huſh the Child aſleep. [*Exit* Cleora.
Look down ye Gods---
Look, *Hercules*, thou Author of my Race,
And Jog thy Father *Jove*, that he may look
On his neglected Work of Humane-kind:
Tell him-- I do not Curſe him: But Devotion
Will cool in after times, if none but good Men ſuffer.--
What! another increaſe of Grief?

Enter Cleonidas.

Cleon. O Father!

Cleom. Why doſt thou call me by ſo kind a name?
[illegible]er! That implies preſiding Care,
[illegible] to give.--- Willing himſelf to want!
[illegible]r thy needs require!

Cleon.

Cleon. A little Food!
Have you none, Father? One poor Hungry Morſel:
Or give me leave to die— as I deſir'd;
For without your conſent, Heaven knows, I dare not.
Cleom. I prithee ſtay a little: I am loath
To ſay hard things of Heaven!
Cleon. But what if Heaven
Will do hard things, muſt not hard things be ſaid?
Y'have often told me, That the Souls of Kings
Are made above the reſt of Humane Race;
Have they not Fortunes fitted for thoſe Souls?
Did ever King die Starv'd?
Cleom. I know not that:
Yet ſtill be firm in this: The Gods are good,
Tho' thou and I may periſh.
Cleon. Indeed I know not,
That ever I offended Heaven in thought:
I always ſaid my Prayers.
Cleom. Thou didſt thy Duty.
Cleon. And yet you loſt the Battel when I Pray'd.
Cleom. 'Twas in the Fates I ſhould: But hold thee there!
The reſt is all unfathomable depth:
This we well know, That if there be a Bliſs
Beyond this preſent Life, 'tis purchas'd here,
And Virtue is its price.
Cleon. But are you ſure
Our Souls ſhall be Immortal?
Cleom. Why that Queſtion?
Cleon. Becauſe I find, that now my Body ſtarves,
My Soul decays: I think not as I did:
My Head goes round: And now you ſwim before me:
Methinks my Soul is like a Flame, unfed
With Oyl, that dances up and down the Lamp,
But muſt expire ere long.
Cleom. I prithee try to hold it while thou canſt.
Cleon. I would obey you,
As I have always done, but I am faint;
And when you pleaſe to let me die, I'll thank you.

Cleom.

Cleom. Thou ſhalt have Food: I promiſe thee, thou ſhalt.
Cleon. Then you ſhall promiſe to have Food for your ſelf too;
For if you have it not, I would refuſe to eat:
Nay I would chuſe to die, that you might feed on me.
Cleom. Mark, Heaven, his Filial Love,
And if a Family of ſuch as theſe
Muſt periſh thus, your Model is deſtroy'd
By which you made good Men.

Enter Pantheus *haſtily.*

Panth. Be chearful, Sir, The Gods have ſent us Food.
Cleom. They try'd me of the longeſt: But by whom?
Panth. Go in and ſee.
Cleon. Good Father, do not ſtay to ask, but go.
Cleom. Go thou--- thy Youth calls fiercer than my Age.
Cleon. But then make haſte: and come to take your part:
Hunger may make me impious to eat all,
And leave you laſt to ſtarve—— *Exit* Cleonidas.
Panth. Sir, will you go?
Cleom. I know not: I am half ſeas o'er to Death!
And ſince I muſt die once, I wou'd be loth
To make a double work of what's half finiſh'd;
Unleſs I could be ſure the Gods wou'd ſtill
Renew theſe Miracles: Who brought this Food?
Panth. He's here that can reſolve you! [*Exit* Panth.

Enter Cleanthes *with a Sword in his hand.*

Cleom. How dar'ſt thou come again within my ſight?
Thou art--- but 'tis no matter what thou art,——
I'll not conſider thee ſo far to think
Thee worth Reproach.--- Away, away *Egyptian*!
That's all the Name that's left Thee.
Cleant. Such I appear indeed:
Cleom. Why then for once, that which thou ſeem'ſt thou art:
Be gone.
Cleant. Oh I have been too long away!
Cleom. Too ſoon thou art return'd,
To Triumph o'er my Fate.
Cleant. Forgive me, that I ſeem'd your Foe.

Cleom.

Cleom. Forgive me, Heaven, for thinking thee my Friend:
No more; 'tis loſs of Time to talk.
Cleanth. Indeed it is,
When hunger calls ſo loud for Suſtenance.
But whether Friend or Foe, 'tis Food I bring.
Cleom. 'Tis Poiſon; and my Mother, and my Wife,
And my poor famiſh'd Boy are eating Death:
Thou would'ſt not have me think that thou repent'ſt?
Cleanth. Heav'n knows, I do not!
Cleom. Well ſaid, Man! Go on——and be not baſhful
To own the Merits of thy Wickedneſs.
Cleanth. What need has Innocence of a Repentance?
Cleom. Shuffling again! Prithee be of a piece.
A little ſteddineſs becomes a Villain.
Cleanth. Oh! Friend——for yet I dare to call you ſo;
Which if I were a Villain; ſure I durſt not.
Hear me——or kill me!
Cleom. So, by Heav'n, I would,
For thy profaning Friendſhip's holy Name:
But for thou ſee'ſt no Juſtice hanging here
On this bare ſide, thou talk'ſt ſecure of Vengeance.
Cleanth. Then if you had a Sword, my Death's reſolv'd!
Cleom. Thy Conſcience anſwers thee.
Cleanth. Without more Evidence than bare Surmiſe;
At moſt appearance of a Crime unprov'd;
And while unprov'd, uncertain?
Cleom. Traitor, no more; 'tis fulſome!
Cleanth. Take the Sword—— [*Throws it to him.*
Cleom. I thank thee ——Draw thy own. [*Takes it up.*
Cleanth. No—— Take that too. [*Draws his, and offers it.*
Cleom. Fool——Would'ſt thou die without Defence?
Cleanth. I would not:
But you forbad me to defend my ſelf,
Then, when you would not hear me!
Cleom. Can Falſhood have a better Argument
Than Force for its Defence? Truſt to that Topick,
And bear thee like a Man.
Cleanth. I think, I do.

Cleom. What kind o' Man is that, who dares not fight?

Cleanth. The Man, who dares not when his Honour calls,
Is what you mean; but what I never was:
For Honour never ſummons without Reaſon.
Force is the Law of Brutes. The dumb Creation,
Where Words and Reaſon want, appeal to Might.
I thought a King, and what you boaſt, a *Spartan*,
Might have known this without th' *Ægyptian*'s telling.

Cleom. Come, Come; Thou dar'ſt not fight.

Cleanth. By Heav'n, I dare.
But firſt my Honour muſt be juſtify'd,
If you dare be my Judge:
For in this crude and indigeſted Quarrel,
If I ſhould fall unheard, you kill your Friend,
The Man who lov'd you beſt, and holds you deareſt.
And ſhould you periſh in th' unjuſt Attempt,
The Sword that ſlew you, ſhou'd revenge your Death:
For I ſhould ſoon o'ertake you in the way,
To quit my ſelf before you reach'd the Shades,
And told your Tale to *Minos*.

Cleom. Then I muſt hear: But ſwear, ſwear firſt I charge thee,
That when I have pronounc'd, thou wilt no more
Prolong thy prattle with ſome new Excuſe:
And prithee cut it ſhort——becauſe I faint,
And long to kill thee firſt: Oh, I am going,
A riſing Vapour rumbles in my Brains.
I hear my Words far off — ſtand, ſtand, thou Traytor,
And ſwim not thus before me——'tis too late,
[*Puts the point upon the ground once or twice, leans on't, and ſtaggers.*
And I fall unreveng'd--- [*Offers to run at him, and is falling.*

Cleanth. What, ho, *Pantheus*! [*Runs to him, and takes him in his Arms.*
The beſt of Men is dying in my Arms,
And I want pow'r to ſave him.

Enter Pantheus.

Panth. Oh Heav'ns! what means this direful Object?

Cleanth.

Cleanth. Ask not with unaſſiſting pity; bow him forward;
Rub his numb'd Temples, while I wipe the Sweat
From his cold clammy Face.
Panth. His mounting Heart
Bounces againſt my hands, as if it would
Thruſt off his manly Soul.
Cleanth. Wrench ope his mouth;
While I infuſe theſe Sovereign Drops, whoſe Pow'r
Will ſoon recal his wander'd ſenſe ——
[*He inſtills ſomewhat out of a Vial into his Mouth.*
He ſtirs!
And ſtretches now, and ſeems t' eſſay his Limbs.
Cleom. Where am I? [*Standing a while, they ſupport him.*
Cleanth. In his Arms, who dy'd with you;
And now you live, revives.
Cleom. Art thou, *Panthæus*?
Panth. Believe your Eyes, I am.
Cleom. Speak then, and truly, (for I truſt not him,)
Who brought me back to Life?
Panth. Who, but he, who was left ſingle with you,
Who caught you falling in his faithful Arms;
And not alone ſufficient to reſtore you,
Call'd loud for my Aſſiſtance:
I found him propping you with trembling Hands;
His Eyes ſo haggard, I could ſcarce diſtinguiſh
Who was the living Friend, and who the dead.
Cleom. All this *Cleanthes*! This, What this *Cleanthes*?
Panth. Yes, your *Cleanthes.*
Cleanth. Your ſuſpected Friend,
Much wrong'd, but ever faithful!
Cleom. Art thou ſure
I live? Or am I in the Regions of the dead?
And hear the Fables there; my ſelf a Fable?
Panth. Go in, and ſee your chearful Family
Eating his Bread, brought in their laſt Diſtreſs;
And with a good miſtaking Piety,
Firſt bleſſing him, then Heaven!
Cleom. When I hear this, I have no need of Food:

I am reſtor'd without it.

Cleanth. Then, now hear me,
How I was forc'd into this ſeeming Falſhood,
To ſave my ſelf, the only means remaining
To ſave the Man I lov'd beyond my ſelf;
And gain a needful Credit with *Caſſandra*:
And yet even then deceiv'd, and ſent far off
For three long Days, unknowing of your wants,
Not thinking ſhe, who lov'd, could uſe you thus.
By Famiſhment to ——

Cleom. O no more! no more!
For now I underſtand e'er thou can'ſt ſpeak it half:
To thee I ow'd the ſeizing of my Sword,
Leſt I ſhould fall by odds---My Wife's return,
All, all to thee--- And thou art more than all:
Can'ſt thou forgive me? Can'ſt thou, my *Cleanthes*?
Can I deſerve thus to grow here once more? [*Embracing him.*
Let me embrace my ſelf quite into thee.

Cleanth. Come, come as fiercely as thou wilt---I meet thee---
[*Embraces* Cleomenes.
I cloſe within thee, and am thou again.

Panth. Why, this is as it ſhould be.

Cleom. I could not thus have taken to the Death
Anothers Falſhood, but thine, only thine:
For infinitely, infinitely loving,
'Twas a wide gap thou mad'ſt within my Boſom,
And as my Soul rent from me.

Cleanth. But thy Hunger!
This violent Tranſport of my Reconcilement,
Makes me forget thy Wants —— When I embrac'd thee
Thy ſpungy Body dwindled in my Arms,
And like a Ghoſt fled from me.

Cleom. I could eat —— [*Going in.*
Now my firſt Appetite of Love is ſerv'd;
And that was much the keeneſt: Let us in;
For Life looks lovely now, and worth preſerving.

Cleanth. Not that way, Friend ——
It leads you to the Women, and the Boy.

Cleom.

Cleom. And why muſt I avoid thoſe tender Bleſſings?
Cleanth. Even ſuch, becauſe they are, you muſt avoid them.
For I muſt tell you, Friend, you have but time
To ſnatch a haſty Morſel, and away:
Nothing of Manhood muſt be clogg'd or ſoften'd
With Womaniſh Sighs and Tears, and kind Adieu's!
And thoſe ill-tim'd Remorſes of good Nature,
When your whole Soul is needful.
Panth. You tell us Wonders!
Cleanth. At the King's Return,
Which daily we expect, your Death's reſolv'd:
This hour's your own! Take it, and tempt your Fortune;
Some few brave Friends I hope to add;
If not, all *Ægypt*'s number'd in my ſelf.
Cleom. I am all on Fire; now for a lucky pull
At Fate's laſt Lottery:
I long to ſee the Colour, white or black;
That's the God's Work: And if I fall their ſhame,
Let 'em ne'er think of making *Heroes* more,
If Cowards muſt prevail.
Panth. The fewer Hands,
The fewer Partners in the ſhare of Honour.
Cleom. Come, my *Pantheus*: Lead, my beſt *Cleanthes*!
We three to all the World.
Cleanth. Magas, and Liberty, let be the Word:
Magas is lov'd, and Liberty deſir'd.
A ſhort Refection waits at the Lieutenant's,
That honeſt Friend, who ſent you back your Wife;
We'll drink a Bowl of Wine, and pour the reſt,
Not to the Dog *Anubis*; but to *Jove*,
The Freer and Avenger.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Cratiſiclæa, Cleora, Cleonidas.

Cleora. Gone —— and without taking leave!
Crat. The better.
He hated me the Forms, and you the Fondneſs.
Cleon. Pantheus too, and he who brought the Food,
The brave *Ægyptian*, vaniſh'd all together.
Cleora. Oh, my fore-boding Soul! he's gone to Death!
And that *Cleanthes*, whom thou call'ſt the Brave,
Has baſely train'd him out to his Deſtruction!
Crat. Suſpect him not: When Fate was in his power,
And by a Method ſo ſecure as Famine;
To ſave us then, ſhows he had little need
To trick my Son to Death:
I have a better proſpect of th' Event.
Cleor. Dear Mother! Comfort me and tell your Thoughts;
For I ſee nothing but a gathering Tempeſt,
Horror on Horror to the end of Heaven!
Crat. No, no; you are not of a Soul to bear
The mighty Good and Ill that meet mid-way,
As from two Goals; and which comes firſt upon us,
Fate only knows.
Cleon. Then ſpeak to me; for I can ſtand the Shock,
Like a young Plant that faſtens in a Storm,
And deeper drives the Root.
Crat. Thy Soul's too ſtrong; thy Body yet too weak
To bear the Cruſh: Be ſtill, and wait thy Doom.
[*A Cry within*: *Liberty*, *Liberty*; Magas, Magas; *To Arms for* Magas, *and for Liberty.*
Cleon. What noble ſound was that? So ſmart and vigorous?
A Soul in every Word.
Crat. Why that was it,
I thought, was doing; but I durſt not tell,
Till now it ſhows it ſelf.
The Works begun, my Boy; the Works begun:
There was thy Father in that Warlike Shout,
Stemming the Tide of *Ægypt.*

Cleor.

Cleor. O comfort me, my Husband's Mother; ſay,
My Lord may live and conquer.
Crat. Poſſibly:
But ſtill make ſure of Death: Truſt we to that,
As to our laſt Reſerve.
Cleor. Alas, I dare not die.
Crat. Come, come, you dare:
Do not belie your Courage.
Cleor. Heaven help me, I have none.
Crat. Then dare you be a Slave to baſe *Ægyptians*?
For that muſt be, if you outlive your Husband.
Cleor. I think, I durſt, to ſave my ſelf from Death.
Crat. Then, as a Slave, you durſt be raviſh'd too?
Cleor. The Gods forbid.
Crat. The Gods cannot forbid it
By any way but Death.
Cleor. Then I dare die.
Crat. I told you ſo: You did not know your Vertue.
Poor trembling thing; I'll warm thee in my Boſom,
And make thee take Death kindly.

Another Shout within: *Liberty and* Magas.

Cleon. What muſt become of me?
Crat. More Trouble yet about this paltry Being?
For ſhame no more ſuch Qualms!
Cleon. No more ſuch vile Miſtakes! I would die warm,
And not in Women's Company---but Men's.
Whether ſome God inſpires me to this Act,
Or Fate inevitably calls me on,
I will not, cannot ſtay:
But as a generous, unfleſh'd Hound, that hears
From far the Hunter's Horn and chearful Cry;
So will I haſte; and by the Muſick led,
Come up with Death or Honour—— [*Exit.*
Cleor. Stop him, dear Mother; he may comfort us,
But cannot help his Father.

Crat.

Crat. The Hero's Blood is not to be controul'd;
Even in a Child 'tis madly Maſterful:
But wait we patient with our petty Stakes,
Which on thoſe greater Gameſters muſt depend;
For as they throw, our little Lots muſt follow,
Like ſweepings of their heap. [Cratiſiclæa *and* Cleora *go in.*

Trumpets.

A Shout within: *Liberty*, *Liberty*, *and* Magas.

Enter Cleomenes, Cleanthes, Pantheus, *followed by ſome few* Ægyptians.

Cleom. What? Is this populous City turn'd a Deſart?
The Cry of Liberty runs on before us;
And yet not one appears!
By *Hercules*! we drive 'em through their Town:
They dare not ſtay to welcome their Deliverers.
Cleanth. The Cowards are afraid of what they wiſh:
And cou'd they be their own, they wou'd be ours.
Cleom. They're gone! We talk to Houſes and to Walls.
Panth. Not ſo: I ſee ſome peeping from their Doors.
What are you, Friends or Foes?

Four Ægyptians *appear peeping 'at the oppoſite Entrances of the Stage.*

1 *Ægypt.* Friends, Friends: All honeſt Men, and
Hearty to the Cauſe.
Cleanth. Explain what Cauſe——and give the general Cry.
1 & 2. *Ægypt.* Liberty and *Magas.*
Cleom. in their Tone. Liberty and *Magas!*
The Cowards whiſper Liberty ſo ſoftly,
As if they were afraid the Gods ſhould hear it,
And take 'em at their Word.

1 *Ægypt.*

1. *Egypt.* No, Friend: We Vulgar never fear the Gods:
But we whiſper, for fear our over-thwart Neighbours
Should hear us cry, Liberty, and betray us to the Government.

Cleanth. Of what ſide are you there? [*to the oppoſite* Egypt.

3. *Egypt.* That's according as you ſucceed: Of your ſide hitherto.

Panth. If you are Men, come join with us.

4. *Egypt.* You are too few for us to join with you; but get the greater Party of your ſide, and we'll be ſure to help the Common Cry.

Cleom. Dare you doe nothing to aſſert your Freedom?

3. *Egypt.* Yes; We'll pray devoutly for you.

Cleanth. The Brave pray with their Swords; that's a Man's part.

4. *Egypt.* Pray with our Swords, the Law calls Fighting;
And Fighting is Bloud-ſhed; And Bloud-ſhed is Hanging;
And Hanging is the part of a Dog, and not of a Man, in my opinion.

1. *Egypt.* Every one ſhift for himſelf, [Egpytian *Trumpets within.*
The Government is a coming.

[*They ſhrink back in a fright, and clap the Doors.*

Cleom. Run; couch, ye Cowards, to your Tyrant Lords.
A Dog you worſhip, and partake his Nature:
A Race of ſpeaking Spaniels.

Panth. Let 'em go; We'll doe our work without 'em.

Cleanth. The comfort is, our Foes are like our Friends---
Holy-day *Hero's*, drawn out once a month,
At publick Charge to Eat, and to be Drunk:
Mere Mouths of War.

Enter Soſybius *and* Cœnus *at the head of many* Egyptians: *They who ſpoke before, bolt out of their doors, and join with them.*

Soſyb. 'Twas what I always fear'd; e'en when I ſav'd Thee,
To find thee thus engag'd among my Foes:
But, yet ſubmit; And I can yet forgive Thee:
Conſider; for 'tis all I have time to ſay,

Thou fight'ſt againſt thy Father.

Clean. Againſt my Father's Cauſe, but not my Father:
If you wou'd needs become your ſelf a Slave,
And get me ſuch, I muſt redeem us both,
And will, or periſh in the brave Attempt.

Soſyb. Withdraw thy ſelf from ruine: I command Thee.

Cleant. Command I cannot: But, I beg you, Sir,
Engage not for an Arbitrary Power,
That odious Weight upon a Free-born-ſoul.

Soſyb. This is too much; fall on: But ſpare my Son.

Enter Caſſandra *attended.*

Caſſan. Soſybius, hold! Withdraw your Men to diſtance:
You know this Signet: Obey your King in Me.
[*Shews the Signet.*

Soſyb. Never more gladly: Tho' my Son's a Rebell;
Yet Nature works to ſave him.

Caſſan. Then rather than he ſhou'd untimely fall,
[Cœnus *draws off* Soſybius's *his Men.*
I'wou'd forgive the Reſt: and offer Life,
[Panth. Cleom. *Men, Ex.* *Manent* Caſſan. Soſyb. Cleanth.
Even to that Fugitive, if he pleaſe to treat.

Cleom. Be ſhort: and, if you can, for once, ſincere.

Caſſan. What can you hope from this unequal Fight,
Where numbers riſe from every Foe you kill,
And grow from their defeat?

Cleom. We come reſolv'd:
And to die killing is a kind of Conqueſt.

Caſſan. But are not Life and Freedom worth accepting,
When offer'd; and, with ſuch Conditions too,
As make 'em both more pleaſing? Your Friends ſafety,
Your Son, your Mother, and that only She,
Who loves you beſt, for your Companion home:
You know what She I mean. [*Aſide to him.*

Cleom. No private parley-- [*Stepping back.*
Spartans doe all in publick.

Cleant. We know your reaſons for thoſe ſecret whiſpers;

And

And to your Infamy----

Cleom. [*Aſide to him.*] Peace, Peace, my Friend.
No injuries from Women can provoke
A Man of Honour to expoſe their Fame.
Madam; We underſtand each other well:
My Son, my Mother, and my Wife reſtor'd,
'Tis Peace; if not, 'tis War.

Soſyb. A fair Propoſal: Be it Peace.

Caſſan. No, Fool! 'tis War. Know, Heavy *Hero*, know,
I gain'd this time for my ſecure Revenge;
To ſeize thy Wife and Mother: And to ſtab Thee
On both ſides of thy Heart, they're gone to die,
To make thy Death more painfull. Farewel, Traytor!
And thank thy ſelf--not me--- [*Ex.* Caſ. & Soſyb.

Cleom. Revenge, revenge,
And ſpeedy Death, or Conqueſt: Hold, *Cleanthes!*

Enter Cleonidas.

Poor Boy!
By Heaven, I am pleas'd to ſee thee ſafe this moment,
Tho' I expect the next to loſe thee. Guard him,
Cleanthes: Set him ſafe behind the Front.

Cleanth. Come, Sir: You are now my Charge!

Cleonid. The Gods forbid
That I ſhould ſeek this danger, and not ſhare it.
[To *Cleom.*] Forgive me, Sir, that once I diſobey you,
To prove my ſelf your Son; living, or dying,
I'll not be leſs than Man.

Cleom. Oh! I could chide Thee.
But there's no time: for Love and Anger both
Fight by my ſide; and Heaven protect thy Courage.

{Cleomenes, Cleanthes, Cleonidas, *and their Party go off the Stage to fight the* Egyptians.

Trumpets, Drums, Shouts and Claſhings within.

Re-enter both Parties.— The Egyptians *first: Driven by* Cleomenes Pantheus *ready to kill* Sosybius,— *as having him down:* Cleanthes *runs to him, and interposes.*

Cleanth. Pantheus, hold; or, turn thy Sword on me.
Panth. to *Sosyb.* Rise, Sir; and, thank your Son.
Clean. to *Panth.* Pursue the Foes: I have no Joy of Conquest
Till I have set my Father safe.
Sosyb. The Gods reward thy pious Care.

Cleanth. *leads off his Father; while* Pantheus *follows* Cleomenes: *The* Egyptians *are driven to the bottom of the Stage: They make a wheeling Fight; still retiring before the* Spartans: Cleomenes *advances eagerly after the* Egyptians, *and, with* Pantheus, *drives 'em off:* Cleonidas *is left behind: So is* Cœnus *who had skulk'd.*

Cœnus, This was well watch'd: The Boy is left ungarded.
[*Thrusts at* Cleonidas *behind.*
Cleonid. Oh! I am slain by Treason!
Revenge me, Royal Father.

Re-enter Cleomenes.

Cleom. 'Twas sure his voice: [*Sees him on the ground.*
Too sure: Pity and Rage
Distract my Soul: but rage will first be serv'd. [*Runs at* Cœ-
There's Justice for my self, and for my Son! [nus *and kills him.*
Look up, sweet Boy,
And tell me that thou liv'st.
Cleonid. Fain I would live
To Comfort you: I bleed and am asham'd
To say I faint, and call my self your Son;

O Tray-

O Traytor *Cænus*? What's become of him?
Cleom. Look, there he lies.
Cleonid. I am glad on't,
Forgive me, Heaven: I hope 'tis no offence
To ſay I am glad, becauſe he kill'd me baſely.
Still, I grow fainter: Hold me, hold me, Father.
Cleom. Cheer up, and thou ſhalt live.
Cleonid. No: I'm juſt dying.
Cleom. What ſhall I loſe?
Cleonid. A Boy: That's all. I might have liv'd to Manhood:
But once I muſt have dy'd.
Cleom. But not before thy Father?
Cleonid. Nay: then you envy me, that I am firſt Happy:
I go; and when you come pray find me out
And own me for your Son.— [*Dies.*
Cleom. There went his Soul: Fate thou haſt done thy worſt;
And all thou canſt henceforth; is but mean Slaughter,
The gleanings of this Harveſt.-----

Enter Pantheus.

Panth. Sir, y're well found: our Enemies are fled:
I left our men purſuing, and made haſte
To bring this joyfull News.
Cleom. Look there, and if thou dar'ſt, now give me joy.
Panth. Enough! y'have ſtopp'd my mouth---- what *Cænus* kill'd?
I ask no Queſtions then, of who kill'd who:
The Bodies tell their Story as they lie.
Haſte, and revenge!
Cleom. Where are our Enemies?
Panth. Sculking, diſperſt in Garrets, and in Cellars.

Enter Cleanthes.

Cleom. Not worth the ſeeking: Are theſe fit t'atone
For *Cleomenes* Mother, Son, and Wife?
But what the Gods have left us, we muſt take.

Cleanth.

Cleanth. 'Tis all in vain: we have no further work:
The People will not be dragg'd out to Freedom:
They bar their Doors againſt it: Nay, the Priſoners
Even guard their Chains, as their inheritance;
And Man their very Dungeons, for their Maſters:
Leſt Godlike Liberty, the *Comon* Foe,
Should enter in; and they be judg'd hereafter
Accomplices of Freedom.

Panth. Then, we may ſheath our Swords.

Cleanth. We may, *Pantheus*;
But ſo as brave men ſhould, each in his Boſome.
That onely way is left us to die free.

Cleom. All's loſt for which I once deſir'd to live.

Panth. Come, to our buſineſs then: Be ſpeedy Sir;
And give the word; I'll be the firſt, to charge
The Grim Foe, death.

Cleom. Fortune, Thou haſt reduc'd me very low,
To do the Drudgery of fate my ſelf!
What! not one brave *Egyptian*! not one worthy
To do me manly Right, in ſingle Combat!
To fall beneath my fury? For that's Juſtice:
But, then to drag me after: For to die,
And yet, in Death to Conquer, is my Wiſh!

Cleanth. Then have your Wiſh: The Gods at laſt are kind:
And have provided you a Sword that's worthy
To match your own: 'Tis an *Egyptian* too.

Cleom. Is there that hidden Treaſure in thy Countrey?
The Gods be prais'd--- for ſuch a Foe I want.

Cleanth.--- Not ſuch a Foe, but ſuch a Friend am I.
I would fall firſt, for fear I ſhould ſurvive you,
And pull you after to make ſure in Death,
To be your undivided Friend for ever.

Cleom. Then enter We into each others Breaſts.
'Tis a ſharp paſſage; yet a kind one too.
But to prevent the blind miſtake of Swords,
Leſt one drop firſt, and leave his Friend behind,
Both thruſt at once, and home, and at our Hearts:
Let neither ſtand on Guard, but let our Boſomes

Lie

Lie open to each other in our Death,
As in our Life they were---
Cleanth. I Seal it thus. [*Kiſs and embrace.*
Panth. And where's my part? You ſhut me out like Churls,
While you devour the Feaſt of Death betwixt you.
Cleom. Cheer up thy Soul, and thou ſhalt die *Pantheus*:
But in thy turn: There's Death enough for all:
But as I am thy Maſter, wait my leiſure,
And honeſtly Compoſe my Limbs to Reſt,
Then ſerve thy ſelf.-- Now are you ready, Friend?
Cleanth. I am.
Cleom. Then this to our next happy meeting---
{*They both puſh together, then ſtagger backwards*
{*and fall together in each others Arms.*
Cleanth. Speak, have I ſerv'd you to your Wiſh, my Friend?
Cleom. Yes, Friend--- thou haſt--- I have thee in my heart--
Say-- art Thou ſped?
Cleanth. I am, 'tis my laſt Breath.
Cleom. And mine--- Then both are Happy------ [*both Die.*
Panth. So, this was well perform'd and ſoon diſpatch'd:
Both ſound aſleep already,
And farewell both for one ſhort moment. [*Trumpets ſound, Victory within.*
Thoſe are the Foes, our little band is loſt
For want of theſe Defenders: I muſt haſten,
Leſt I be forc'd to live, and led in Triumph;
Defrauded of my Fate: I've earn'd it well,
And finiſh'd all my Task: This is my place:
Juſt at my Maſters feet--Guard him, yee Gods,
And ſave his ſacred Corps from publick ſhame---
{*He falls on his Sword, and*
{*lies at the feet of* Cleom.-*Dies.*

Enter Soſybius, Caſſandra, *and* Ægyptians.

Soſyb. 'Tis what my Heart foreboded: There he lies,
Extended by the Man whom beſt he lov'd!
A better Friend than Son.

Caſſand.

Caſſand. What's he, or Thou? or *Ptolomy*? or *Egypt*?
Or all the world to *Cleomenes* loſt?

Soſyb. Then I ſuſpected right: If my revenge,
Can eaſe my ſorrow; This, the King ſhall know;
That thou mayſt reap the due reward of Treaſon,
And violated Love.

Caſſand. Thy worſt old Dotard.
I wiſh to die: but if my mind ſhould Change,
So well I know my Power, that Thou art loſt.

Soſyb. The King's arrival ſhall decide our Fate.
Mean time to ſhow how much I honour Virtue,
Take up that Hero's Body, bear it high,
Like the Proceſſion of a Deity:
Let his arm'd Figure on his Tomb be ſet,
And We like Slaves lie grovling at his feet;
Whoſe Glories growing till his lateſt Breath,
Excell'd all others: And his own in Death-- [*Ex. omnes.*

FINIS.